FOR LOVE'S SAKE

By L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D.D.
BALTIMORE, MD.

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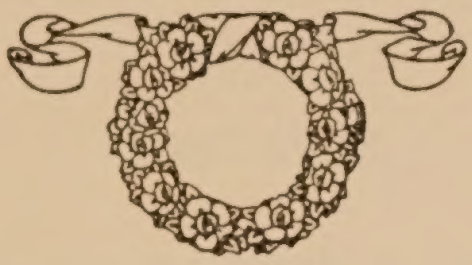

BY

L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.

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"DOT," "SPARKS," "CORDELIA," "REMINISCENCES,"
"ECHOES FROM THE DISTANT BATTLEFIELD,"
ETC., ETC., ETC.

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By L. M. ZIMMERMAN, D. D.
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THIS publication is incident to the celebration of the Thirty-fifth Anniversary of the author's pastorate and the establishment of Christ Lutheran Church, Baltimore, Maryland.

It is hoped that in it there may be found a sufficient range of topics to interest every one who may read them.

To you, dear reader, we say as Dorothy Wordsworth said to Coleridge when he had presented her with a work of his, "It is a book to caress, peculiar, distinctive, individual. We will read it together in the gloaming and when the gathering mists doth film the page, we will sit with hearts too full for speech and think it over."

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

Scott's *"Lay of the Last Minstrel."*

FOREWORD

No more fitting lines can be found than the foregoing from Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" to introduce this little volume. Love is essentially the keystone to the arch of human existence. Without it, life were not worth the living. Vain, transitory splendors are as evanescent as the sands of the sea. Love has endured through eons of ages and will continue to the last syllable of recorded time.

In writing "For Love's Sake" and other articles herein, the author claims no literary merit, nor indeed is a literary style even sought. The only excuse for publication of this little volume lies in the hope that it may fall into hands where it may do good; that after the author shall have passed into the Valley of the Shadow there may be loved ones who, glancing through these articles, will recall that their pastor and friend of yore labored zealously and untiringly for love of his fellow-man.

Those labors have been confined neither to race nor to class. For, in the final analysis, there are only two kinds of people—men and women. Protestant and Catholic, Gentile and Jew—all are as one in the great melting-pot of Love. And it is the writer's proud privilege to call them brother, to counsel with them, to pray with them, to break bread with them. For, when earth's last picture is painted, "and the tubes are twisted and dried," shall not the good of the earth be as one?

So, with this brief introduction, the author of "For Love's Sake" thanks you for your kindly interest, with the sincere hope that, through the perusal of these pages, there may be at least one weary-laden soul who may be made to feel the wondrous love of a gentle Father. If this be done, his labors will not have been in vain.

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"FOR LOVE'S SAKE"

Love is the school in which God educates his best and happiest children. St. John in his old days, when he could no longer walk to the place of public worship, had his friends carry him there, and addressing his hearers he said: "Brethren, love one another." Advanced years and experience are needed before we can truly climb to heights with Jesus. When we can bless them that persecute us, love our enemies, do good to them that hate us, pray for them that despitefully use us, then can we go with Jesus up on the very Mount of Transfiguration. It was thus with St. Paul, the aged. Like the mellow fruit that has ripened on the tree, he too had ripened in the grace of love. That is why he wrote "For love's sake, I beseech you."

We are at our best when we have repented and are doing something to help others in which we forget ourselves. We should lend the helping hand to those who walk down the lonely path of life. We should make glad the days of the less fortunate ones by little acts of kindness. It may be the stranger staggering 'neath a load of sin and despair. "For love's sake" we should here and there lend a hand to help the discouraged souls rise out of danger to heights where they may see that the world is fair.

We need a little more courting, a little more smiling, a little more kissing, a little more replenishing the lamp of affection with oil, a little more effort to please in

many of the modern homes. Carelessness, indifference and lack of appreciation kill love.

It is too late to express neglected love when dear ones are gone. It is said of Thomas Carlyle that one evening as he sat at his desk, he heard his wife breathe rather heavily, and, without thinking, he abruptly called to her in an adjoining room: "Don't breathe so heavily, you annoy me." Presently the breathing was less audible. Then all was silent. He arose and went into the next room. There lay his wife—dead. Afterward he consecrated her grave with his tears. But it was too late. Tears could not wash away the harsh words needlessly spoken. Resolutions could not make amends for the years of neglected love. Flowers and tombstones could not atone for the neglected courtesies of home life. Neither tears nor resolutions could blot out the memories of past cravings for some sweet word of tenderness, some generous and outspoken praise. It was then too late to tell of the sweet things he had planned. She had gone where there is no more sorrow, no more tears. He was left behind to bemoan his shortcomings.

The man or woman who most needs your tenderest thought and earnest prayers is not the one of poverty and toil, nor the bereaved whose lonely hours and tears awaken holy memories of happy days gone by, nor even the one who loved, trusted and was betrayed. It is rather the one who is linked in the most sacred mystery of life to one who is unscrupulous, dishonorable and who no longer can be respected. That, alas, is one of the heaviest crosses which one of noble temper and of spiritual vision can be called upon to bear.

And yet, since even all the waters of sorrow and shame seem unable to quench love, so "for love's sake" there are those today who wear a mask of lightness, who hide their sorrows in smiles and with faith in spiritual verities, screen their children's eyes from the sins of a parent, teaching them by example and precept to grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

The happiest people are not those who are loved much, but those who love much, those who give of themselves and are delighted at serving those whom they love. So it was that Paul pleaded in love for his spiritual child Onesimus. "Receive him as myself," Paul continues to plead. That is, "as you would receive me, so receive my spiritual child," he urges, and that converted slave he calls "my very heart," "a brother beloved."

Not only receive him, but, Paul continues, "if he hath wronged thee at all, or oweth thee aught, put that on mine account." St. Paul's once stubborn will had long ago been broken, and brought into obedience to the will of God. He had learned in the school of Christ the ministry of love. Accordingly, Paul endeavored to deal with Onesimus, not only as he had been dealt with by Christ, but as he hoped to be dealt with when he should be called upon at last to face Jesus for final judgment. Paul well knew if he would get love and mercy from God, he must be willing to give love and mercy to others. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses," says Jesus. From his own experience Paul knew that, as the warm sun draws up the seeds out of the dark earth unto their unfolded glory, so God's love had lifted his soul out of

the "horrible pit and miry clay" of sin. Our debt is put to Christ's account; by His stripes we are healed. Paul, a bitter persecutor; Philemon, a lover of money; Onesimus, a thieving slave—all saved by Jesus, Who died for our sins.

Oh, the wonders of love, true Christian love! "It rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in truth." "Beareth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love never faileth." It is never contemptuous, not sarcastic, never unforbearing or unforgiving, because it is love.

"For love's sake," therefore, we should all avoid the hasty word, the harsh answer, for which many have paid dearly. At such times fathers have disinherited children whom they once dearly loved, husbands and wives have quarreled and separated over minor differences, neighbors have ventilated their troubles in court, and once-loving friends have become enemies.

All this could be prevented if there were a little more forethought, a little more neighborly chat at the gate, a little less looking for trouble and a little more cheer. Most people need fewer flowers on the coffin and more praise in the kitchen, less pouting and more love, fewer kisses for the dead and more for the tired wife and mother.

The Leader, not only for homes and churches, but for all bodies and organizations and corporations, should be Jesus. His whole life is an eloquent sermon on brotherly love, leadership and co-operation. He not only did all things thoroughly, but He also demanded faithfulness from His co-laborers. He never asked of others more than He Himself was willing to do. He had rewards

for the faithful, mercy for the weak, and counsel for the erring, that thereby He might elevate them to high and noble ideals and aspirations. In times of prosperity we should observe the laws of God, which means personal integrity, human brotherhood, and loyalty to the leadership of Jesus.

What a blessed example to follow today by employer and employee! The "Golden Rule" should be the ruling power in industrial relations, as well as in all acts of conduct one toward the other, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." His word is the guide to which all should turn, for today, as of old, it is true: "He taught them as one having authority." Only as human brotherhood, justice and truth are in a Christ-like manner exhibited in the various departments of life, can we expect to make a better world.

Force produces war not only between nations but also in the industrial world. The best trained Leader for the Church and the world is Jesus, whose good will should be emulated by all mankind.

We bow in reverence before the goodness and spiritual wisdom of Jesus, but the marvel of His character is expressed in His own words: "I am meek and lowly in heart." It was His self-forgetting compassion, gentleness and tenderness that gave Him a personality which amazed His disciples and drew the little children to Him. He always had a word of hope, of courage, and gentle confidence.

We may boast of our learning and our creed, but unless we have a personality in keeping with the loveli-

ness and charm of our Blessed Saviour, we shall fail in our most successful efforts among mankind. If we are truly "meek and lowly in heart," we will not only be able to approach others, but they also will not be afraid to approach us.

When Christians can prove to the world that they have something that is superior to all else, then others will say: "If that is religion, I want it, too."

Thus, "for love's sake," Paul was even willing to have all the debts and shortcomings of his spiritual child, the slave Onesimus, charged up to his own personal account. How like the love of our Blessed Lord and Master, "which passeth understanding!" No wonder love is called "the fulfillment of the law."

Thus it is that, whatever "aught" God has against us, when we accept Christ as our Saviour, then Jesus turns to the Father saying, concerning the convert, "If he hath wronged Thee at all, or owest Thee aught, put that on Mine account." We have here the blessed truth of substitution, vicarious sacrifice, which has led in the world's history to some of the noblest deeds, and which is really the truth of the Gospel. While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. This is why we sing:

"Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe,"
And although sin left a crimson stain,
Jesus washed it and made it "white as snow."

It is a blessed thing to know that under the atoning blood of Jesus our repented sins are blotted out. Because Jesus paid our debt, we have entered into partnership

with His eternal wealth, and can say "My sins are nailed to the Cross." Neither the terrors of hell nor the joys of heaven can save us. It is "In the Cross of Christ" alone that we can glory.

Praise God for a "love that passeth all understanding;" otherwise, what would we poor mortals do when we stand at the bar of God for final judgment? Yes, praise God for a Saviour to Whom we can go, confess our sins, repent of them, and by the atoning blood of Jesus have them all washed away, blotted out, forgiven. How sweet the words, "If he hath wronged thee at all, or owest thee aught, put that to mine account." The time does not often come in our lives when we would be quite content to have our measure taken. Most of us, if we are honest, will be inclined to say:

"The best of what we do and are,
Just God, forgive."

But, while we rejoice over the fact that we have the "wonderful Saviour," wonderful in love, forgiveness, long suffering, kindness, gentleness and forbearance, we must not overlook the fact that unless we reciprocate love, forgiveness, long-suffering, kindness, gentleness and forbearance, it will all be to us but sounding brass and tinkling cymbals. In other words, "for love's sake," you and I, dear one, must have love not only toward God and our Saviour, but also toward our fellowmen, our brother, our sister. Love in the heart means God in the heart, and "with what measure we mete, it shall be measured to us." God can not be less merciful than man. "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven."

Not only are such born of God and know God, but their fellowmen know that they have passed from darkness to light, because they love their brethren. Jesus thus loved us when we were yet in sin.

No wonder the Holy Word says: "Beloved, let us love one another; for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God."

But listen to that which immediately follows: "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

A great deal has been written and said about "Getting back to Christ." But the world's great need is to *accept* Christ and His Gospel, and then *follow* Christ.

What is His gospel, His command? "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and all thy soul and all thy strength and all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." Christ's teachings were very simple and fundamental: "I say unto you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you." Here is fundamental thinking.

This is a command of 2000 years' standing, and yet, alas, but comparatively few of earth's millions seem to have grasped the meaning. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor," not hate or bear resentment against him. We need to pray God that our hearts be moved to obey His command, and that "for love's sake," we love our neighbor as ourselves. Have you any unforgiveness in your heart against anyone? If so, will you not put it away now? Don't forget what Paul says, "Love suffereth." "Love suffereth long and is kind." And, "the servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle unto all, and patient."

A little Hebrew girl was once seized in a Syrian foraging raid along the border of the Holy Land, carried

captive and set down to do a slave's work in the household of Naaman, who at the time was "captain of the host of the King of Syria."

Observing the affliction of her master, who was "a leper," she had compassion and longed to help him. "For love's sake," she forgot the wrongs inflicted upon her and her people by the Syrians, and volunteered information whereby Naaman was healed and "was made clean."

Many Christians would do well to cultivate the spirit of the little Hebrew maiden who "recompensed not evil for evil," but, forgiving and forgetting, rendered a helping service of love and healing.

There is no place in heaven for hatred, resentment, bitterness and selfishness. And, "for love's sake," every misery-producing plant should be rooted up and utterly destroyed. The fiery coals of love are the best materials for the melting of an enemy's wrath. Kill your enemy with kindness, and you will have a dead enemy and a live friend.

A good man will not return evil for evil. The Syrians of old surrounded the town of Dotham in their endeavor to capture Elisha. They fell into the hands of their enemies, and were at the mercy of the Israelites. The king of Israel was eager to put them to death, but Elisha showed the king "a more excellent way." He gave them bread and water that they might eat and drink.

This is how Jesus treats His captives. He returns good for evil, and overcomes evil with good.

And those same "coals of love" will best burn out the unhappiness which lurks within the bosom of those who

are resentful. No one can be truly happy who has hatred in his or her heart. Listen to the conversation of those who bear hatred toward others, and then judge for yourself whether or not they are happy. Such persons are not happy whether they be in the pulpit or the pew, in the kitchen or the parlor, at the work bench or at the club. No two thoughts can occupy the same mind at the same time. Only as love directs the motive, can we be truly happy.

God looks at our motives. The deed is secondary with Him. A man may give liberally and make great sacrifices; both may be done willingly and for a noble object, but unless love be the motive cause it will profit nothing.

So also a man may have great knowledge. He may think himself a peer in "brains." He may be authority on creeds, theological disquisitions and critical subtleties; but with all this he may be sorely wanting in Christian love. And what will knowledge profit a man without love? "No more," said Wesley, "than it profits the devil and his angels."

Much of the trouble in the land comes from the confusion of tongues. Some persons are critically weak in easily taking offense. They are much like a can of powder, ready to explode at the smallest spark that chances to come their way. Others, unfortunately, are equally weak in being ready to fan the least imagined offense into a great flame. They seem to take pleasure in helping to separate once loving friends. They pretend to offer "sympathy" to the "offended," whereby they encourage them to become all the more resentful and hateful. Such persons, consciously or unconsciously,

really become troublemakers and servants of the devil against Christ in His effort to have all love one another.

"For love's sake" we should all be peacemakers. There is scarcely a quarrel in the family, church, or between friends, which could not have been healed at once, had a thoughtful word been spoken in time. But, alas, many listen to the evil one, and instead of speaking the things which make for peace, they have tongues "set on fire of hell," and "behold how great a flame a little fire kindleth."

Reckless talking leads to anarchy, and the motive that is back of much evil speaking will condemn such persons before God.

This is true in many places, whether it be in the home, the Church, in business or in our country. At not a few social functions, the tea is sweetened with gossip, while the coffee is creamed with scandal. If our talk at the table or fireside be soured by malicious gossip or scandal, is it any wonder our children's "teeth will be set on edge?"

Some time ago a Chinese mob, having become infuriated at a company of missionaries, seized one of the young women and dragging her to one of their heathen temples, stripped her of her clothing and compelled her to stand nude before the public gaze.

You say that was a dastardly act. So it was. Those Chinese were heathen.

There are not a few today, however, in our own land, not only in the public press, but also in the home and Church, who call themselves Christians, and yet think it is a decent thing to take the most sacred and delicate

feelings, even the good name and reputation of their neighbors, and drag them ruthlessly before the public gaze.

We need more people like Katherine Booth who "for love's sake," seeing a fallen girl sitting by the wayside, instead of ignoring her, went directly to her. Placing her hands softly on the girl's cheeks and bending over her, she planted her own clean lips on that foul mouth, and said: "Oh, you sweet thing!" But see the effect! The touch of love went like an arrow to the heart. The girl fell to the ground, and when she arose, she cried out: "Born again, a twice-born soul!" When such men and women of love "fall on sleep," not only will many in looking on the transfigured face in the casket be prompted to say, "The face of an angel," but Jesus will say to such lovers of souls: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you, for inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

The test question which Jesus put to Peter after his fall was: "Lovest thou Me?" Nor did Jesus commission him until Peter replied: "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee."

The day comes for every one when there is a reckoning, when each one quietly sits down and reviews the past. Questions which then arise uppermost in the mind are: What have I done for the betterment of the World? What have I done toward helping another to a better life? Have I been the "Good Samaritan" to a needy brother? Has my love reached down to the depths to the rescue of a downtrodden soul? Is there

one in all the world beyond the pale of my love? Have I had in me the mind that was in Christ Jesus? Have I been kind, loving, gentle, forbearing and forgiving, and as I will want God to be toward me at the day of final judgment? Have I by my ugly nature silenced the song of another? Have I caused others to weep, because of my thoughtless words and ungracious conduct?

When true love takes hold of the mind and heart, it usually forges its way over obstacles and up mountains of difficulties to glorious victory.

Two things at least are requisite for admission into heaven. The one is *Love,* and the other is *Forgiveness.*

Jesus hated nothing so much as hypocrites who thanked God that they were not as other men, or who stoned others for crimes of which they themselves were guilty. When we can say, "The love of Christ constraineth me" "for love's sake" to love God and my fellowman, then we will both love and forgive.

Jesus once said of a woman, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; for she loved much."

If "for love's sake" we strive to do our best to help our fellowmen, then at last we can leave all in the hands of Him who knows how weak and frail we are, and Whose mercies are new unto us every morning and evening. As we sympathize with the little babe because of its weakness, so God pitied us and sent Jesus to die for us when we were yet enemies to Him.

Sometimes, as we look about us and see the good so many are doing, we feel a strong desire to be helpful. But, then a sense of personal inability and insignificance causes us to wonder whether or not there is any one who

really needs just such an one as ourselves. But to all such comes the assured answer, "The Lord hath need of thee." Others may say of us that we succeeded in nothing of importance; that we projected things but never performed them; that we were industrious in sketching plans but failed to erect the buildings. And, worst of all, if we are perfectly honest, we ourselves must confess our shortcomings, and say, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Although there may be here and there in our lives a few blighted and barren stalks, nevertheless, in the sight of our Merciful Father will be seen only the harvest of golden grain meet for the Master's use.

The little child stumbles and falls many times before it learns to walk. But the mother knows the intent of the little one is good. She is assured that her child wants to walk, and lovingly she renders every possible aid to strengthen the child, and rejoices as she sees the little one gradually growing in strength.

In like manner God knows how frail we are. He knows the secret intent of His children. He knows that when often we would do good evil is present, and that we all not only come short of the glory of God, but like St. Paul, we find ourselves doing things we should not do. But God neither "breaks the bruised reed" nor does He "quench the smoking flax." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." He knows the secret intent of the heart, and although like the little child we may in our weakness at times stumble and fall, nevertheless, God is ever ready "for love's sake" to take his child by the hand and lift him

up again, bidding him to be strong in the Lord. He knows our godly repentings are greater than our weaknesses.

Wherefore, dear one, that you and I may know God, let us love. That we may show Him, let us love. That we may live with Him, let us love.

> And when at last beyond the stars
> The night shall have unlocked the bars,
> Then as we meet by angels' side,
> We'll in God's love forever hide.

△ △ △

It is better to do something and make failures, than to be "good" and do nothing.

EARTHLY GOLDEN GATES

There are Gates which lead to glory
And are found here everywhere,
Which invite the weary trav'ler
To a life that's bright and fair.
If you'd pass through these Gates Glorious
And with Jesus ever be,
Then the mind which was in Jesus
Others must in your life see.

Wherefore when you speak of others,
Is it *kind?* should check your words,
For unless your heart is loving
Best be silent and not heard.
Is it *true?* is still another
Of the Gates which we pass through,
And unless you're sure of all facts
Then be silent and ring true.

Is it *love?* that prompts your actions
In the things you do and say?
If it's not, then change your motive
As at Love's Gate you do pray.
Is it *needful?* marks another
Of the Blessed Golden Gates,
And before you expose others
Then "For Love's Sake" hesitate.

Then be careful in your living
Slow to speak and slow to hear,
That in service and in language
You may with your God keep near.
For to free the heart from hatred
When to God your knee you bend,
Will make you truly happy
As to others you're a friend.

Love is after all the chief thing
Which brings Heav'n down to earth,
And in glory it will search us
For true faith that came to birth,
So, to reach the Heav'nly City
And to dwell in God's estates,
We must pass each one in earnest
Through these Earthly Golden Gates.

MY FIRST DAY IN SCHOOL

A. B. C.

Simple letters that the toddler first lisps, but in essence the foundation-stones of all human education. For in the larger sphere of life, with its manifold activities, the A. B. C. has its very definite and essential place.

The man who does not begin at the logical beginning, who does not hew to the primary line of inception, is in constant danger of a Jonah's gourd-vine spiritual and mental life.

A. B. C!

As these letters revolve in my mind there looms up before me a log schoolhouse whose "deestrict" teacher, stern of mien, was wont to rule with rod of iron. As with Goldsmith's hero—

> The village all declared how much he knew,
> 'Twas certain he could read and cipher too.
> Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
> And e'en the story ran that he could gauge,
> While words of learned length and thund'rous sound
> Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around.

It was in this schoolhouse—in my salad days—my first day in school, that I learned what to me then were mystic magic letters. One mile and a half to school—afoot—and one mile and a half back to my home to repeat—A B C! Total, three miles. And as I write there lies before me my well-thumbed book of A B C's that I have preserved these many years. The book is covered with blue-jean material, the same that Abraham Lincoln worked for a whole day splitting rails in order to secure enough for a pair of trousers.

As the heart gives many a useful lesson to the head, so is the mind that grasps the full import of the primitive A B C capable of spreading a beneficent influence, whether it be in the world-wide commercial mart or in the vineyard of the Lord.

It was but a rod in the hand of Moses, but under the blessing and guidance of Almighty God, that rod smote the hard rock from which there gushed forth a life-giving stream that quenched the parched lips of the weary pilgrims in their pilgrimage to the land of Promise. And so, God is able, if we are willing to be used by Him, to use the humblest of us to His glory and to the welfare of our fellowmen.

So is it decreed by the Maker of man; so shall it be to the end of time.

SCHOOL DAYS IN RETROSPECT

School days, school days, golden, golden rule days!
Reading and 'riting and 'rithmetic,
Taught to the tune of a hickory stick.

How the old, familiar days come trooping in rythmic cadence when one lets one's fancy turn in retrospect to the halcyon period of childhood's realities and dreams! Realities and dreams that, in a formative stage, have served in large measure to weld and find the character, the life, of you and of me.

School days! What a wealth of imagery this little sentence arrays before the mental perspective! Tom and John and Billie and Harry and Bess and Mary and Jeanne and the other playmates of nearly a half century

ago—where are they now? Time, the relentless leveler, has laid a heavy hand on many of them. Death, whose devastating breath is felt in every land and in every clime, has claimed others. Only sweet memories remain inviolate and fresh as the morning verdure.

Ah, how one is mellowed and chastened as the dream-god of yesteryear binds our eyes to the banalities and greed of to-day and insidiously bids us stand upon the golden threshold of the wide-open gate of fancies! Here the fairies, the makebelieves of adolescence, assume a tangible shape that endures through childhood to the old age of youth.

But you know, and I know, as every other young-old truant knows, that there is a sterner side to the "l'arnin'" period than figuratively sitting astride the apex of a refulgent cloud. There is a time when the rift in the lute is an eclipse, when the whole world seems gray and drab and dank. That time is eloquently described in the beginning of this brief story—"Taught to the tune of a hickory stick." Few there are in the old country school who go "unwhipt of justice." And yours truly was not that exception which proves the rule.

My first taste of the hickory stick was at the hands of a gaunt, unpoetic schoolmarm, who regarded all of us grist for the mill. At this particular juncture there were 12 other boys seated around me in the schoolroom. These 12 lads, tried and true, seemingly had but one aim in view, and that aim was to crack my head with chestnut shells. The bombardment was incessant, the aim accurate. But it has been writ that even the lowly worm will turn when squashed too hard. So with me

tiring of the one-sidedness of the game, I began a little bombardment on my own hook. But scarcely had I thrown my first shell when Argus-eyed teacher detected me. She rose in her wrath instanter. Her dignity was at stake.

"Here! here!" she cried, "what do you mean by throwing shells at the boys!"

"But," I protested, Adam-like, "they first threw shells at me, I was only protecting myself."

Therefore, the 13 of us were commanded to stand in unbroken line before the august tribunal, that a righteous punishment might fit an unrighteous crime. Thirteen may be an unlucky number for some, but in this instance it was better than the proverbial rabbit's foot for me. (I was the thirteenth boy in line.) For by the time the old "hickory stick" had administered a half-dozen resounding whacks on the outstretched palms of a full dozen boys teacher's trusty right arm was perceptibly fatigued, so that I suffered but little from her rapidly descending but ineffectual strokes.

Some time ago I related this story to a woman acquaintance of mine, and she laughingly inquired:
"Is that why you never married—a lingering fear that all females were of the hickory stick sort?"

"No, indeed," I hurriedly assured her. "There are ten to one of the other kind—sweet, lovable, affable creatures."

"Then, why have you never married?"

No more apt answer being at hand, I replied:

"Because I am wedded to my church, and man may have but one wife. I may also say," I added, "that it

has been a very happy marriage all these years. So—'That which God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.'"

Reverting to school-day punishments, I vividly recall another occasion when I was rebuked for some minor offense. Again it was a woman teacher who inflicted the punishment.

I have long since forgotten the nature of my offense, but I shall recall the penalty so long as memory sits enthroned in the temple of reason. Think of it—I was compelled to sit beside a demure little miss and study my lessons out of the same book with her!

But a protecting angel was hovering over us both. A large piece of plastering suddenly broke loose from the ceiling and fell at our feet. Of course, we fled in opposite directions, and following the mild excitement the ban was lifted on my misdemeanor.

△

A great deal of water has passed under the bridge of time since my school-days and perhaps yours, dear reader. But it is the evanescent, fleeting glimpses we catch of them that keep green the soul, that make for optimism and perpetuate the spirit of youth eternal.

So, to our school-days—May their memory continue as sweet as the rose of Sharon and the cedars of Lebanon!

FRIENDSHIP—COUNSEL—WORK

"What is friendship but a name—a charm that lulls to sleep?" asks the philosopher. But the philosopher goes far afield in his atrabilious answer. True friend-

ship—the binding spirit of *camaraderie*—is one of the most precious assets that man can have. For my friends I am thankful. They have wondrously helped me, and I am their debtor.

But let us not think that friendship, *per se*, is constructive. It is the essential oil to the machinery. We ourselves are the machinery, the human dynamo. To achieve lasting, concrete results, that machinery must be constantly kept lubricated, the dynamo in constant motion.

And as to sane advice. "Young men for action, old men for counsel," was the motto of the ancients. Not necessarily was it meant men old in years, but rather those who were endowed with wisdom, with keen vision and mental perspective. These are the men who today are sought on every hand—in the commercial mart, in the realms of art and science, in literature, in the pulpit.

But back of all this lies the true fundamental—WORK! Without it all else is ephemeral. And after you have worked hard, work still harder.

The man who works industriously and intelligently, who appreciates the unasked for increase in salary and who shows his appreciation by his efforts to do more each day, is most likely to be the man selected when the boss is looking for a reliable man for a responsible position. The man (or the woman for that matter) who is constantly "on the job" is the one in line for manager or even for partnership in the business. The newspapers have just published the story of a stenographer who, by plain hard work and application, has been

chosen General Manager for a great concern doing a nation-wide business. And in this instance, the "man on the job" was a young woman, 29 years old. Fortunate is the boss who does not have to advertise for his executives but who can select them from the employees who have grown with the business.

The man who is not interested in his job, who is not personally concerned in the welfare of others, is the man who fails to collect his rightful share of success, and he usually complains that the world does not give him a "square deal."

All this is not only true of the business world, but it is equally true in the great business of the Church,—in the life and experience of the minister of the Gospel,

"This is the Gospel of labor,—
Ring it out, ye bells of the kirk,—
The Lord of Love came down from above
To live with men that work."

The preacher or the laborer who grumbles and complains of his job is a failure before he starts. Put your heart and soul in your work and do not worry about the pay. Do good! Make good! Prove your worth and your boss, or your congregation, will not only be sorry that they did not sooner know of your ability and ambition, but, as a rule, will be glad to pay you what you are worth.

Blessed are they who get all they earn and earn all they get.

Aim high, therefore, and although you may not be able to hit the star, you can at least pierce the cloud that conceals the light. But remember to put plenty of powder behind the bullet, plenty of work "behind the gun," whether the proverbial gun be a pulpit or a plow.

Too many men reach a certain degree of success in business life and then decide that they are privileged to rest on their oars. All is calm and serene for a time, but suddenly some young "stripling" appears on the calm waters, pulling for all he is worth, and the complacent man finds himself outdistanced in the race for success. Instead of taking to his own oars, he complains that the other fellow got ahead of him by "pull." Yes it was "pull" but the pull at the oars that meant an expenditure of sweat and labor.

In like manner, many preachers feel that they are a privileged class and need only depend upon the respect which is their natural due, and the reading of profound wisdom contained in books. They forget that to retain respect they have to earn it for themselves, personally, and that the men of old who wrote the books had to put into the writing the best that was in them. The book of life is a book full of blank pages and we are judged by what we write thereon, not by what we copy of others' writings.

The "man on the job" will make that job his most important consideration; he will try to do the work assigned to him better than it has ever been done before, and, thereby, improve the condition of the world and prepare himself for the better job that is always ahead of the man who will fit himself for it.

For the preacher it may be said that his field of usefulness is right in his own congregation. No matter whether the particular church assigned to him be a small one or a poor one. It is "up to the man to make good" and futile to look around to more prosperous communities and envy the preacher therein. Let him build up his own field and that can only be accomplished by work, work and more work, plus prayer and heartfelt sympathy for his people. Let him water his field with the sweat of his face and God will give the increase.

Friendship—Counsel—Work! This trinity has been part of my creed for many years. That I have achieved a measurable degree of success thereby is naturally but pleasing to myself and to those whom I hold most dear. So, to my God and to those who have steadfastly stood by me in fair weather and foul I gratefully attribute and acknowledge any worth-while accomplishment that may have been mine.

HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF CHRIST LUTHERAN CHURCH

The first service of Christ Lutheran Church was held on December 18, 1887, in what was then known as Triumph Hall, located at No. 1240 Light Street. The present Pastor, having been called by the Board of Home Missions, made a two weeks' previous canvass of that portion of the territory and entered upon his duties the first day of December, 1887, having no members and

no church. On the 5th of the following February, the congregation was organized. At a congregational meeting held on July 15th it was decided to purchase the M. E. Church on Hill Street near Charles, our present location. Here our work definitely began and on August 12th the first service was held in the Church thus secured. On the 25th of November, after extensive repairs, the Church was dedicated. At a congregational meeting held November 29th it was unanimously decided to declare ourselves self-sustaining. On December 1st, 1888, therefore, or one year from the day the Pastor came to Baltimore to begin the work of organizing a Church in this section of the city, this congregation began its independent existence. The Pastor was installed December 2nd, 1888. During the first year he made over 3,400 visits. "Jubilee Day," which celebrated the Church's freedom from all indebtedness, was observed January 31st, 1892, or within four years of its organization. During the summer of 1894, the Church was entirely remodeled and enlarged, equipped with new furniture, and a new house for the Sexton adjoining the Church secured. The Church was rededicated October 14th, 1894, and before its twelfth Anniversary all indebtedness again was paid. Thus, from time to time, the Church and Sunday School have been improved and enlarged. The past summer, a new indirect lighting system was installed in both the Church and Sunday School. All was newly frescoed and painted and all paid for without affecting our funds for benevolence. In fact, we always see to it that our indebtedness for benevolence is paid before we spend upon ourselves.

FRIENDS WHO DO NOT FORGET

If you have favors to bestow it is not difficult to find acquaintances. But that which all need is a friend "born of adversity." Unless we have those who love us and are interested in our welfare, life has in it but little worth the living. A man blessed with this world's goods was one day congratulated by an acquaintance on account of his beautiful home and large fortune. "Yes," replied the gentleman, "I have a beautiful home and plenty of money, but while I have made money I have not made friends. Of all those who come to see me there is not one who comes to my home as a friend."

It is a dreadful thing to have to make such a confession, for it leaves but little in life that is sweet. We thank God for those who love the unloved. Many are unfortunate in life, have had reverses over which they seemingly had little or no control. They feel at times as if no one cares for them. It comes to them like a blessing from Heaven to have unexpectedly some kind soul appear upon the scene and without embarrassment to the recipient render kindly assistance. Such men and women are God's ministering angels in the gracious manner they render loving service. They always have a good word of cheer and encouragement, and they rainbow the dark clouds of life with a bright halo of hope.

The true friend does not forget, but like the ivy vine, clings all the closer amid the storm. We all need such confidential friends, for the man who endeavors to live alone without friends will soon find himself a helpless creature. We get our worth from good association. Thus earth and Heaven are blessed by the true friends who do not forget.

THE LOSS IS YOURS

Each wasted chance for good,
Is your own loss.
Each song you fail to sing,
Is your own loss.
You may refuse to serve,
Another will step forth;
And when the work's all done,
The loss is yours.

Each soul you fail to save,
Is your own loss.
Each heart you fail to cheer,
Is your own loss.
Some one will nobly rise,
And do that which is right;
The joy will then be his,
The loss is yours.

Each worship you neglect,
Is your own loss.
Each off'ring you withhold,
Is your own loss.
Souls loyal will the needs,
Of God's blest work behold;
They'll give and worship God,
The loss is yours.

Each unkind word you speak,
Is your own loss.
Each heart you cause to bleed,
Is your own loss.
Others will bless and save,
Others will help and pray;
And at the Judgment Day,
The loss is yours.

FLOWERS FOR THE LIVING

Flowers have a large place to fill, for they are used from the cradle to the grave. They bring cheer and sunshine into the sick room; they are emblems of purity and love at the marriage altar; they are tokens of esteem and congratulation on commencement days; they are rays of sunshine to the aged; they are a silent language of love and gratitude for the rich and the poor, for the young and for the aged.

"To me," said Wordsworth, "the meanest flower that grows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

And, strange though it may seem, some people associate flowers only with the dead. Indeed there are many who, if they could rise from their graves and see the abundance of flowers banked upon the mound, would be utterly surprised, and some, I suppose, would say, "Surely there is a mistake somewhere. These were not meant for me, for in life no one gave me flowers!"

"Say it with flowers!" is an advertising slogan of those who have flowers to sell, and it is a slogan that all might adopt. Tell of our love and esteem in the fragrance and the beauty of flowers. Just a few more flowers for the living and less for the dead,—flowers that will spread their beauty before loved ones, rather than flowers to fade and die upon the grave! Flowers given when they may be enjoyed by the recipient will brighten many an unhappy life.

There are flowers that are not bought of the florist, a kind word of encouragement, a loving deed of kind-

ness, a pleasant smile of appreciation,—these priceless flowers would be to many a troubled soul equivalent to a load of fragrant blooms in a garden of love.

"Your husband was such a dear pastor to us, and we all loved him," said a parishioner to the widow of a minister. In reply, the wife, with tears streaming down her cheek, said, "Oh, how happy my husband would have been if he had been told that before he died!"

Fortunately for me, my experience thus far in life has been altogether different.

Longfellow has fittingly said, "Into the life of every one some rain must fall,—some days be dark and dreary." Naturally I, too, have learned to know the meaning of tears, but in this I have been just like my Beloved Master Himself. However, this has been the rare exception in all the years that are past, so much so that all I can think of is the wonderful love my people have shown to me. Yes, they have given me the flowers while I live. Their love, like that of a good bride, has been evidenced in looks, manners, words and deeds.

While writing this brief on "Flowers," my mail brought me a card from Pen-Mar on which was written the greeting: "Just a thought of you, dear Doctor." It was from a young man, and it cheered me to know that, although he was away for but a few days, he did not forget his pastor.

"Of course I love you! You know that without me telling it!" How often we hear this said when we have shown our hunger for words and deeds of love. But how much better it is to tell our love when it will cheer

and comfort those who depend upon it for their happiness. We know the sun is shining above the clouds on a gloomy day, but it is so much more comforting when the sun bursts through and gives of its warmth and cheer.

For years the author received letters of appreciation and encouragement not only from his own dear parishioners, but from men and women of prominence and in the humbler walks of life, irrespective of faith or creed, from far and near, which have been to him as precious flowers.

The subjoined excerpts, taken from letters, are fair samples of these many missives:

"I certainly profited by your sermon of last Sunday morning. It is always a pleasure to hear such as it was. Some claim the pulpit is losing its power and support, but if it is true, it is due to the character of the pulpit work. Men are ever ready to listen to the great truths of salvation as long as they are preached properly. If the pulpit loses its power, it will be its own lack and deficiences."

"My first great impression, when entering Christ Lutheran Church some twenty years ago, was the reverence of the congregation. It is truly wonderful, and certainly, proper, that such should be the case, but many Churches lack this one essential part of Divine Worship. Reverence helps to prepare one for the blessings that await the true Christian.

"Personally, I have been helped in many ways, by being a member of Christ Lutheran Church. Your sermons, I really and truly believe, are messages sent from God to His people through you, His mouthpiece. My faith has been strengthened, and I believe all who have heard you preach have been helped, Doctor, your sermons are full of God, full of Christ, and full of The Holy Spirit, which means true Gospel Sermons; and they are also practical to the most extreme limit, which means, they are helpful and uplifting."

"Tell the members of the church that I said they should attend regularly the church services, for they do not really appreciate what they have. Since I moved away, I realize as never before the power of your preaching."

"You no doubt will remember my visit which was very pleasant, and the sermon which was very helpful and inspiring. I had heard so much through my bro-in-law, Mr. Harry, about your work that I felt that I wanted to go and see and hear for myself, and I found that 'the half had not been told me.' The sermon on 'Roses shall bloom again' was not only enjoyed, but it made such an impression that I came back to my congregation and preached on the same text, and the report was that if I would deliver such goods they would let me go again."

"Being one of the older members of Christ Church where I have always loved to spend a few hours each week when in the city, can say with emphasis that I am

convinced beyond a doubt that you are a man among men that is loved by more people for the good you have done than you have any idea of."

"Your sermon Sunday morning was wonderful. It simply thrilled me. It delighted me to see the people in the congregation look at each other and nod their heads at the things you said."

"While I am of Quaker faith yet there is something in your Church that seems more heavenly than any other Church I have ever visited."

"We all thank you kindly for your faithful attendance given father while on his bed of affliction; also for the courtesy shown us when life was extinct. Your kindness shall never be forgotten."

"You certainly must have been inspired yesterday morning by your message. Surely God turned it over, and gave it back to you to deliver to your people.

"Having lost my husband twenty-two years ago, and my brother just recently, I felt like hiding away. But you have helped me wonderfully by your prayers, sermon and kindness. You have always been the means of leading me to know God better, and to love and trust him fully.

"I have never gone to church but that I was blessed and helped by your sermons. You have always preached Christ, and Christ only."

"It is with pleasure I take this opportunity to express to you the many honors and kindnesses that have been bestowed upon me in the years that you and I have

worked together in the church and sunday school. Through your teachings we have become better men and women, and with the spirit of God in our hearts we find it a great pleasure to serve Him in helping to make this world better."

"The attendance to-day with all the heat, must surely prove to you that the people certainly want to hear the word of God preached in a true and Christian manner. Your words of praise and appreciation to your congregation as you closed was evidence that this same thought was in the minds of more than one, for I said to myself, if I can find words to express myself when I get home, I would pen them to you. After thirty-five years, and to feel our love growing stronger to the same pastor, gives one much happiness. What must have been the good to the thousands to whom you have preached all these years! May God add his rich blessings and give you strength to continue this good and holy work."

"My purpose in writing to you is this. Your life as I came in contact with it this summer has made a great impression on me. I have for the past two years wanted to enter the Gospel ministry, but did not know just why. Now I know."

"The members of Christ Church you have dismissed to us have reflected splendid credit upon their Church and pastor."

"I want to tell you of the wonderful blessing you have been in my life. I thank God for the first Good

Friday that I was invited by a friend to visit Christ Church, and I thank you for pointing out the way for me to my Saviour."

"I wish to express my deepest appreciation of the beautiful letter of sympathy, you so kindly sent me. Also for the little booklet "Does God Care For Me?" I think the poem, "I Now Do Understand" is beautiful. They are words of real comfort, and will help us to bear our sorrow."

"Your sermon Sunday night was wonderful. If any one paid strict attention to what you were saying, listening to your pleading, how could they refuse to give their hearts to God and try to live right?"

Back in the days of

"THE LUTHERAN OBSERVER"

Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, D. D.,
Baltimore, Md.

Mar. 24, 1908.

My dear Friend:

I have felt that I ought to tell you that our canvassers bring us the information that your contributions to the "Observer" are very much appreciated by our readers. They are of a practical, direct nature and make strong appeal for a better type of living. I need not assure you that personally I appreciate your steady and consistent co-operation. I thought it was only due you that you should know that your work was so well liked.

Very cordially yours,

M. H. VALENTINE, D. D.

(Now Professor of the English Bible in Pa. College.)

This from Ohio—

"I want to thank you for your article in to-day's 'Lutheran.' I have just finished reading it twice, with tears streaming down my face. I think our dear Heavenly Father put it into your heart to write it to help me. I could not resist from telling you what a comfort your article is to me."

"I want to thank you for all you have done for me. Sunday after Sunday you give us food for thought during the week, help us in all our sorrow and trials, and altogether make life's burdens lighter.

"You spoke so beautifully to us when we were married, and during all these years, those words come back to us, and I can truthfully say we are as happy as humans can be."

"Your sermon this morning was helpful. No greater proof of its appeal to the hearts of your audience need be had than the fact that men around me were brushing tears from their cheeks. It struck home."

"Your letter and booklets received while in the hospital brought much cheer and comfort. I cannot express in words what they meant to me. When one is laid aside for awhile in suffering, we appreciate such lovely messages more than we do in health."

"Having heard you on Good Friday for the first time, I know why you are so truly beloved. Oh that I lived nearer, for your soothing words I sorely need them.

Humbly thy servant."

From a noted physician now abroad—

"It meant so very much to have a man unite me in marriage who had previously wed me, eternally to God. Words can never express to you my gratitude. I can never forget you."

From a brother minister—

"Accept my congratulations upon the splendid work you have done in Baltimore. Your big, generous heart has radiated a warmth that has put a brightly genial, friendly fireside in the pulpit end of your Church. By this cheering blaze thousands have thawed the frost out of their hearts, and the chill out of their bones, and have gone out with new strength to bear their burdens and do their work."

"The impressions left by your very able prayer and sermon of last evening are still so strong that I wish to thank you most heartily for all the time and thought spent in preparation. All present should congratulate themselves being among the fortunate ones to make up your audience. I have always considered it an honor and privilege to be associated with my Pastor."

This from a Superintendent of another S. S.—

"You have awakened a sleeping spirit which was existing in our Sunday School and Church. Your talk left in our minds and hearts a sweet recollection of just what it means to believe in 'God and His Book.'"

"Your sermon this morning was so impressive that I could not help but write and tell you how much I appreciated it. Your explanations were wonderful, and I am

sure, the youngest to the oldest, feel that they would have missed a great lesson had they been absent."

This from Michigan—

"Your tracts 'What Would You Do' and 'The Habit of Being Happy' are the best I ever read."

This from an Evangelist—

"Your booklet, 'Somebody Loves You' is one of the finest tracts I ever saw published."

This from D. C.—

"Your poem 'The Loss Is Yours' surpasses everything I have ever read."

This from the wife of a minister—

"Your prayer when I was just 'out of ether' was most helpful and encouraging. I want to thank you also for the beautiful flowers. Coming so soon after the operation, at a time when one is most apt to be depressed, both prayer and flowers were doubly helpful."

This from a prominent minister of another denomination—

"You will never get sufficient credit for the great work that you have done in Baltimore. I have often spoken about it to my friends."

"We wish to thank you for your earnest and successful visits to our son before his death. We are quite positive that your most beautiful teachings resulted in leading him from a wilderness of a worldly spent life. May all your future efforts be crowned by Him you serve, and serve so well."

This from a sainted minister, now in glory above—

"Your work is known by all in the city. I have recently heard of your wonderful accomplishment. Through all these years you have kept the love, not only of your own people, but of your brethren in the ministry, and the people of the other Churches. I send you my hearty and sincere congratulations."

"I was to your Church this A. M. and your sermon was worlds of help to me. I am a stranger here in the city, and the thought came to me it is wonderful how one man can draw such a large congregation. But then when I sit and listen to your words I could understand."

When confined to the hospital, this excerpt came in a letter—

"God bless you. God bless you. So I've wished you all of brightness life possesses, for can there be any joy at all, unless God blesses. So through all thy day may shadows touch thee never. God bless you—I will say my Rosary for your health and happiness."

"If your pamphlet on 'Good Citizenship' were put into practice, it would be a dawn of a new millennium."

"I am so happy for having united with your Church, that I must write and tell you. Your sermons comfort and cheer and help me."

"I do not see how you can give us such beautiful sermons Sunday after Sunday, and each one different. Each one helps me so much and gives me much to think about while I am working that takes away worry from my mind, and gives me pleasant thoughts."

"I am truly glad I was at church today for I liked the service so much. Your thought 'Not today, maybe tomorrow' was the most powerful one of its kind I have ever heard. It impressed me greatly."

"I feel I can never fully repay all your greatness to me and my family. Surely you come next in kindness to Christ Himself."

"You never fail to congratulate us Parishioners for our faithfulness. But, it would be a very ungrateful congregation that would not be faithful with such an untiring minister like you."

"You gave me a wonderful message when you said 'Jesus forgets our repented sins and wipes them away.' I believe God Himself prompted me to come and hear."

"One who is trying."

A minister now sainted in glory above—

"How happy you must feel in the assurance of having made so many others happy."

"Your sermons have been so helpful. Each one better than the other. They are like a cool drink on a warm day. We sit in the Gallery on Sundays and often say to each other, 'I hope he won't look at his watch but just keep on talking.'"

"You have meant so much to hundreds of others, but to our family during my entire life you have been a blessing times without number."

"I wish to thank you for the 'God Bless You,' you gave me on leaving. Such a blessing given by one who means it, to my ears is the sweetest music in the world."

"Dear Mr. Zimmerman,—My sorrow is greater than can be expressed by words or pen, but your valued services and beautiful words before and after death over my dear mother, with whom I was a constant companion since my birth, have comforted me much. Persons like you are like unto the oasis in this life of sands of sorrow."

"Your whole life seems to have been one of giving and doing for others. You have certainly done your part. I am thankful that I have had the privilege of being a member of Christ Church and Sunday School where it has been my pleasure to hear the true Gospel preached all these years."

"Just a word of praise for your efforts in writing and distributing your pamphlets at the church.

"I would just like to refer briefly to the good some have done that I had the pleasure to distribute. I have known one family for many years and never knew them to attend any church service; but now after reading some of your little leaflets the parents not only attend church themselves, but dress the children and take them along."

This from Wisconsin—

"I was discouraged. Everything had seemingly gone wrong and against me. I felt that nobody loved me. I argued, 'What's the use of making further effort. Why not blow out the light and end it all.' It was at such a time that there fell into my hands a booklet you had written. I read it several times, and praise God I am now engaged in missionary work in this far away place."

WHY THAT LOOK OF DISCONTENT?

The next time you ride along in the street car, or stand on the street corner, quietly compare faces. I do not mean for the sake of seeing those who have "dolled up" faces, but for the purpose of seeing the marked difference between a contented and discontented face.

On the one hand you may observe a woman who is alert and intelligent, accustomed to having everything she wants. Her features may be beautiful, and her eyes reveal both kindness and pride. But her face, ah, something has gone wrong. Something somewhere has caused a look of serious discontent.

It may be that some one has been irritable to her. She may have expressed to her husband a desire to go somewhere in the evening, and he may have been a bit irritable and replied: "I don't care about going there. Why can't you go alone and leave me here? I'm too tired to go out to-night."

Or, perchance the breakfast meal was spoiled because a collar button, a shirt or a necktie had been mislaid, or because a button may not have been sewed on. Then perhaps followed leaving the house, slamming the door, without the usual kiss or cheerful farewell to wife and children.

Again, it may also have so happened that the good woman herself was at fault. She may have wanted something her husband was financially unable to give her, one hard to please and never satisfied. Or, she may have been one of those on whose hands time hangs

heavily, because she has not enough to do so as to properly occupy her mind and her hands and time, all of which tends to form upon an otherwise sweet face a look of discontent.

Again, it may be the face of a man that attracts your special attention. His may be a face of bitter discontent, while sitting beside him may be another man with a bundle in his lap, unfashionably groomed, a red handkerchief about his neck, but a smile upon his face and a look of contentment in his eyes.

No matter what may be the cause for the one or the other of the different expressions we behold on the many different faces before us, one thing is certain, and that is, neither ease, nor riches, nor culture, nor station in life, no, not even life's great blessing, health, is essential for a contented mind and happiness. Some have all these and are discontented, while others possess none of these and are yet of both a merry heart and a cheerful countenance. Thus it is that we find a Nero growling on the throne, while a Paul is singing in a dungeon. A King Ahab thus goes to his bed at noon through discontent, while nearby is Naboth contented in the possession of a vineyard.

The Prime Minister Haman of Persia, fusses and frets himself sick, because a poor Jew will not doff his hat.

What is most needed to-day is not more worldly possessions, but

"More love to Thee, O Christ,
More love to Thee."

When once the heart is right toward God and man, then doing our honest best, making good better and better best, we are contented and happy.

If we all kept ourselves busy digging away at our job, we would not only be better able to keep the wolf from our door, but we would get so much more real happiness out of life. It is a piece of folly to envy those whose lot is seemingly superior to ours, for as a rule it only "appears" so. If we experienced the other's head and heart aches for twenty-four hours, we would never more want his job.

"The sleep of the laboring man is sweet," and, as a rule, his appetite is good. Besides, he can wear only one suit of clothes at a time: so, what else does the rich man have? The man at the head of a large business frequently can't sleep on account of overtaxed nerves, and often because of dyspepsia he does not enjoy his meal with the relish of the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his face. We should rather, therefore, sympathize with those who bear upon their shoulders the cares and responsibilities of large business enterprises, for most such men die before they have grown old in years.

We, accordingly, who are among the so-called common folk, who are relieved from the worries which burden the leaders; we who are blessed with health and get real enjoyment out of the little things of life, we should "thank God and take courage" for what we have, for if our lot were otherwise, we might not be as happy as we now are.

David long ago warned us against fretting about enough to eat and wear. "I have never seen the righteous forsaken," is the way David expressed it. We need a campaign of "Trust in God," a campaign of "Love one another," a campaign of faithfully "Planting and watering," and God will not only bless us, but will also give the increase.

There is danger of getting the habit of finding fault at everything and everybody.

Some persons drift so far into this dreadful habit that they neither reason nor think, and at last become much like the ass—they kick. Naturally, on the faces of all such is a look of discontent.

But why be mulish when even the homeliest of us can be agreeable, courteous, kind, winsome and lovable. You have often seen persons very homely in appearance, and yet you could not help but love them.

There are so many blessings in life, so much happiness, so many opportunities, so many comforts, so many good things that every one should, like St. Paul of old, not only "thank God and take courage," but also say with him, "I have learned to be content."

Our great unrest is in the world of trade and industry and in our feverish quest of fortune. We are in a large measure filled with discontent. It very frequently so happens that those whom we envy are the ones who envy us. We are restless, nervous, always wanting something different, so that the novel things of to-day become commonplace to-morrow.

Let us therefore, as individuals, each one endeavor by word and deed to create in the lives of others with whom we associate that which will cause them to be happy and thereby bear on their faces a look of contentment.

Not only should we strive thus to help others to be relieved of the look of discontent, but in our own make-up we should bear and forebear, fill our minds with thoughts that are pleasing, uplifting and elevating, thoughts that will make merry the heart, for "a merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

But above all, let us all turn to God as the author and finisher of faith.

Let us love God and be a friend of man. Then shall we be undisturbed amid our toils and struggles, and with a look of sweet content, we shall work, wait and hope, until the day when

"No one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame,
But each for the joy of working, and each in his separate star,
Shall draw the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are."

△ △ △

The man who keeps his religion for six days in the week in a water-tight compartment, using it only on Sundays, is not a fair type of Christianity.

"FOR CHRIST'S SAKE"

For man's own sake he will do many things that are of personal gain to himself.

It will not appear to him to be undignified to courteously wait upon the colored customer in his store, if thereby he can sell a pair of hose and clear a profit of twenty cents.

He will think it all right to greet the poorly groomed farmer with a "Good morning, Mr. ——. Hope you are real well, and all your family," that is, if he be a politician seeking votes before election time.

No one will censure a man for joking pleasantly with the colored porter at the hotel, or for bidding the head-waiter a smiling "Good-bye, hope to see you again next season when I return."

Nor would any one think less of the mistress of the family for speaking a few kind words to her maid, or for saying in friendly terms to her colored servant leaving at the end of the day, "Good night, Jane."

All this would pass censorship even in good society —because back of all is a bit of personal selfishness, and personal gain. The little act of courtesy means better service from the waiter, or porter, or maid or servant. It means more votes for the politician and more customers for the merchant.

But, are those same persons willing "for Christ's sake," to show the same Christian spirit on a Sunday when they chance to meet the same persons under different circumstances and at different places, for example, in the house of God at religious worship? Are

those same persons willing to say with the Duke of Wellington when kneeling beside a humble man at the Communion table, "Here, my brother, we are all equal"?

We read a great deal these days about winning the world for Christ in a short time. But let us remember that it takes more than preaching and praying to save the world for Christ. A now sainted Evangelist tells how that for five years he preached every Sunday to a man who was a regular attendant at Church, but failed to lead the man to make a confession of faith in Christ as his Saviour. But, one Sunday after service he took that same man by the hand, and in five minutes led the man "from darkness to light," and caused him to acknowledge Jesus as his Lord and Master. Why? Because of the personal touch. It was thus by a personal touch that Elisha of old restored to life the child of the Shunamite woman.

And not until there be a greater personal touch of Christian men and women with the non-churchgoers, can we expect either to crowd our churches or to win the world to Christ.

We may not be willing from the standpoint of etiquette, or ethics, or culture, or caste, or family dignity to step down from our pedestals, but shall we not be willing to do so "for Christ's sake," if thereby we may win some to Jesus?

If these are among the things which St. Paul says are "honest, just, of good report," and worthy to be thought about, then let us enlarge a bit on them, and include "others" among St. Paul's "think on these things."

For our own selfish interest we may be unwilling to share with others Christ's favors and honors and pleasures and privileges. We may even be selfish enough to give a look of scorn and indignation to those who may be our peers both in appearance and ability. It is just possible that we may be so self-opinionated as to think certain other Christians are not worthy of a place beside us. But if those same persons whom we contemptuously ignore were to meet us under different circumstances where they might serve us and bring us honors, would we not act very differently toward them? Would we not help instead of hinder? Would we not observe at least the Golden Rule?

If we would do so for selfish and personal gains in worldly matters, should we not as professing Christians, if for no other reason, at least "for Christ's sake" show them that we are what we profess to be, namely Christians?

When once all Christians will act as Christ did, and as Christ would have us do, then will not only the world see that we have been with Jesus and learned of Him, but even Christians will so act one toward the other as to cause the world to exclaim, "Behold, how they love one another."

May God hasten the day when in honor, Christians shall "prefer one another" "for Christ's sake," and also when Christians shall not stop with the mere prayer and preaching of the word, but will look upon those yet outside of the Church and lovingly and pleadingly say to them: "We are your servants for Jesus' sake."

TRANSFORMED

I saw a drop of water
Upon the sidewalk lie;
It was all dark and muddy,
Unnoticed was passed by.
It lay amid the rubbish,
Polluted and disdained,
Yet something there important,
In sand and mud remained.

Just then the dark clouds parted,
The golden line appeared,
The sun shone forth in splendor,
And kissed the drop revered.
Warmed by the shining sunbeam,
And brightened by the light,
The drop now changed to splendor
And seemed filled with delight.

Then clasped in sunshine's embrace,
And cleansed as if by fire,
The drop rose high to glory
Transformed from mud and mire.
Far up on yonder mountain,
Free from all filth and clay,
There lies in all its whiteness
A snowflake far away.

So lies in life's rough highways
Many a trampled soul,
Neglected and despised,
Outside the Shepherd's fold;
But Jesus as the sunbeam,
Stoops down and carries high,
The soul from sin to glory,
Free from each tear and sigh.

Shall we not then be sunbeams
And reach with gentle love,
Down to the weak and fallen
With love sent from above?
Yes, we will scatter sunshine
And sinful lives revive,
That we may lead them heavenward,
Transformed and made alive.

WHY I LOVE CHILDREN

"You evidently love children—I always see you with them!"

I was walking along the street and the gentleman who made the above remark noticed that I was surrounded by six little tots of the neighborhood; three of the chattering youngsters were on each side of me, Jews, Italians, Catholics and Protestants. I replied, "Yes, I love children. I have always loved them."

Why have I always loved children? Possibly the query may be well answered by asking another question, "Why should I not love children? Why should not every other right-thinking person love children?"

Children are types of the redeemed of God in Glory —"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven" on earth. When Jesus wished to give an illustration of greatness he placed a child before the people. Ah, the possibilities that lie behind the searching, honest glance of a child's eyes! There is frankness there that is not to be found in many natures.

The childish mind tends to love until unlovely things are forced upon it. If we could all retain this childish spirit we would love one another, irrespective of creed, or faith, or color. Watch the children in the schoolyard, at the playground, on the streets or wherever they are brought together, and you will find that they recognize no caste or artificial boundary line, except possibly the boundary line between the child that is honorable and the one that is dishonorable. Left to

himself, the average healthy child has a keen sense of honor. Leave the children to their natural interpretation of honor; allow them to play together and you will see develop a common brotherhood, a common love, and a common outlook of good-will and mutual trust.

Go to the children, thou "grouch," join in their play and earn their regard! You will keep young and sweet. A man who can win the hearts of the little ones will be able to win the hearts of the world. It will be found that the unpopular and the unhappy person is one who has never mingled with or earned the love of the children. Nothing will help a man or woman to keep youthful in spirit, even with advancing years, so much as association with children. There is a sweet richness and variety of experience gained from them that no books can give.

Let us pause in our efforts to curb the natural instincts of childhood and learn from the children the secrets of happiness; thus the home, the church, the state and the nation will be blessed, glorified and refreshed in spirit. We may look to the aged for wisdom, knowledge and understanding, but let us recall that in a time of great perplexity a prophet of the Lord said, "A little child shall lead them."

But, returning to the original question, chiefly and above all, I love children because Jesus loved them. Indeed it would be difficult to conceive of any Christian not loving children, for one who loves the spirit and teachings of Jesus would necessarily love a child.

During my ministry of thirty-five years, I have baptized more than four thousand children, and many of these I have in later years confirmed and married, and have in turn baptized their children. I have always been glad to give the children a large place, not only in my heart and love, but also in the church which I have had the honor to serve.

To me it is difficult to visualize a church in which the children are not a part—a very important part; for the church is built up on the foundation of love. God is Love. Loving the children we love each other, who are but children grown to maturity, and where love rules there is always happiness and blessed usefulness.

I sometimes wonder why some parents have so little regard for the spiritual welfare of their little ones. A true mother has a most sacred trust assigned her, for she is to be mother not only of her children's bodies but also of their spirits. A man may park his car, but the good mother is unwilling to "park" her children, leaving them in charge of strangers without mother-love.

"These little ones which believe on Me," is the way Jesus expressed it.

Can anything in all the world be so pure, so precious as a child's faith. Faith is the opposite of doubt. In the mind of the child there is no doubt whatever. As Wordsworth says:

> "Trailing clouds of glory do we come
> From God who is our home;
> Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Although child faith may be crude and immature, nevertheless it is real faith.

GOD'S REMEDY FOR AMERICA'S ILLS

In America there are honors and work and food and places for all, if men and women will rid themselves of envy and selfishness and allow good will to rule them in their dealings with each other. There would be no place for the rule of monopoly or mob rule if we would all observe the Golden Rule and the period of unrest and agitation would give 'way to a real, earnest getting-together for the good of the country.

Unfortunately, there is too much effort being put forth to separate us by inciting hatred one toward another. Almost any evening you can hear "oratory" from the street corners of our large cities which tends to inflame evil passions and cause dissension and bitterness in our country. You rarely hear a good word spoken for our country by such men. This evil propaganda is causing nothing more nor less than a smouldering volcano, and unless it be cleared up, there may eventually come a great upheaval.

We need more constructive work for America and less destructive.

Why not therefore counteract this evil propaganda by sending forth men to meet these complaints, and educate the foreigner and others about the good things of America. Why not teach young and old what it means to be a good citizen, not only for the country at large but also for the individual citizen. It would well repay the Government to employ competent men at even large salaries for such a dissemination of vital knowledge and facts, for it is far cheaper to pay the bills of peace than

the awful wages of war. It is estimated that the last war ran up a stupendous and an incalculable bill of $348,000,000,000, to say nothing of the bloodshed and horrible ravages.

But, the greatest of all remedies for America's ills is God.

"Blessed is that nation, whose God is the Lord," for "righteousness exalteth a nation."

In view therefore of the sinful and criminal tendencies of vast masses of our citizens, the President of the United States should proclaim special days of national fasting, days for holy assembling in places of worship, where a spiritual propaganda might be inaugurated. Such an awakening is needed by multitudes of those who are ignorant of God's laws and of man's indebtedness to them.

God's danger signals are plain enough for all, that even a fool who runs may read.

"The wages of sin is death," not only to men but also to nations.

Alas, that so many seem to forget God! There was a celebration for a king and queen. Rudyard Kipling was asked to write a poem in honor of it. The celebration lasted a week, and was partly carried on in church, but without one thought of God. As he listened to the sound of trumpets and shouts of voices, Kipling wrote:

"God of our Fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle line,
Beneath whose awful hand, we hold
Dominion over palm and pine.
Lord, God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."

Shall we not then, like Kipling, pause in our pursuit of selfish ends and blaming conditions on the other fellow, and look up to a Just and Jealous God and say, "Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

Capital should pay honest wages; labor should give honest service, and, with a policy of "live and let live," none will need be hungry or cold, naked or homeless.

The remedy for the disease of America in its varied aspects is that which the whole world needs,—the love of man for man, the love of man as man's own brother, with hearts full of the Gospel of good will. In short, we all need more of Christ within us.

We, as American citizens, owe to the foreigners who come among us, an education in our great and glorious history. We should teach them patiently our customs, language and habits. We should be unto them the Good Samaritan, willing to sacrifice for them that they may be healed from their infirmities. In this manner, they are most likely to become good citizens of our country. Having left a country where they were unhappy and dissatisfied, and coming to one where they are received as "brethren," they will be all the more ready to look upon us as friends and not enemies of theirs, so that gradually they will fall in line as true patriots under the American flag.

But, if we ignore them, if we neglect them, if we pass them by as so much merchandise, what can we expect of them in return for the snub they receive from us? What would Christ do if He were here? What would Christ have us do? How about our stewardship?

Instead of endeavoring to outstrip each other in struggling for possessions, for personal fortunes, for worldly pleasures, both in extravagance and in dissipation, we all need a deeper realization and recognition of our stewardship to the Eternal God. Then, in place of hatred, jealousy and wrath, which too often result in foul crime, men would build together, work together, each living for the other and all for the glory of God. And it is thus God would have us live, for—

Of one blood God made all nations—
And his love is vast as space,
And if we would be true children
We should love the human race.
If we love not those who know us
And those whom we meet each day,
Can we love our God the Father,
As to Him we daily pray?

We should all then show more kindness
In our dealings with mankind,
And, with mercy, truth and justice,
We should every action bind.
With charity that is God-like
And love for one another,
We should act in all our dealings
As we would toward a brother.

Oh, that all would act like brethren,
For there is one God over all,
Who is God of every nation,
Before whom we stand or fall.
Would we be a happy nation,
Fearless of the Sovereign rod,
Then let each one be united
For our country and our God.

WATCHING THE PROCESSION GO BY

After the great world war was over and the returning armies were marching through our cities, the streets were thronged with spectators—watching the procession go by. Among the watchers were critics. To them there was no glory in the sight of the passing thousands of men and boys who had dared all, endured all, and were returning to their loved ones and friends. A foot here, a rifle there was out of alignment—That's all the critics saw.

Critics and fault-finders are ever on the alert. It is a business that requires neither capital nor brains. Anybody can sit on the railing and criticize the marchers as the procession passes down the street. Many, too, are engaged in this kind of business and we will find them even among church people. Instead of coming down from their easy perch, getting in line and showing others how to march and fight, they spend their time and energy idly criticizing those who have "endured hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ."

I suspect there are sufficient faults in the children of God on earth to furnish Satan with material with which to accuse the brethren day and night before God, as referred to in Rev. 12:10. The problems, the temptations and the sins of the children of God on earth are such as to require the continual intercession of our Elder Brother before the throne of a just God. Yes, we all fall short of the glory of God and, if we are honest, we cry out, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Day and night the accusations and the intercessions go on, as the great procession goes marching by. "Hep, hep, hep!" call the officers, trying to keep up the spirits of the lagging boys, and "Ha, ha, ha!" laugh the idle critics as a tired, sickly fellow loses step. There is no criticism from the men in the ranks. They have seen the trials through which the lagging one has passed and their admonition is, "Buck up there buddy, show 'em the sort of stuff this man's army is made of!" Yes, we who are professed followers of God, fellow-marchers in the steps of our Lord and the Captain of our Salvation, should be careful how *we* judge our brethren; whether we be officer, non-com. or private, we should encourage and help our weaker fellow-marcher.

In brief, in *our* attitude toward the brethren, are we ministers of Satan or of Christ? Satan is the "accuser of the brethren." Jesus it is who intercedes for us—and Jesus, the Son of God laid down his life for us. He tells us that we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. In our criticism of the brethren, therefore, are we in the spirit of one who lays down his life, or are we in the spirit of the accuser of the brethren?

The enemies of Daniel were not bitter against Daniel himself, but against his successes. His popularity breeded envy and envy planned harm. He was getting the best of things and on that account he became the victim of unprincipled plots which grew out of hatred.

So long as Daniel was the captive he was looked upon as 'a good fellow,' but when he was promoted, he was despised.

As with Daniel of old, so it has been ever since. Popularity and successes often breed envy, no matter what may be man's vocation or calling in life. The ordinary captive goes by unnoticed. But let a Daniel be honored by the king, then a lot of people are ready to kill or resent or seek to overthrow the one who chances to be favored. Daniel's place is wanted by those who are his rivals. It has always been so and is most likely to remain so for some time to come. Why therefore worry, if you have honorably succeeded in life through struggle and perseverance? Just keep on in the procession, allowing the attacks to prove incentives for still greater faithfulness toward God and mankind.

All who are engaged in faithful service for the Master find themselves at one time or another under the watchful eyes of the critically minded and their work criticised or scoffed at. The "Tobias and Sanballats" of old are still with us, taunting the workmen and ready to throw stones at them. But, with Nehemiah, we must say to such, "We are doing a good work and cannot come down from the wall." Do not expect to be an exception, for Jesus himself was called "a wine-bibber and glutton." So remember that "the servant is not greater than his Master."

Just keep on moving, doing faithfully the work assigned you and God will take care of the results. Thoreau says that the man who sits still has as many risks as the man who runs. As a homely illustration let me refer to a recent complaint during the building of the Panama canal. Someone bemoaned the number of wrecks of dirt trains engaged in the work and the

engineer in charge replied: "Well, anyway, that's a sign the traffic is moving."

The career of the minister is not all comfort and glory. In endeavoring to keep step with the Captain of our salvation, the author has been in the procession for many years in this great city and, like the soldiers returning from battle, he too has often been weary from the long marches and the hard fighting as a Christian soldier of the cross.

Like St. Paul, he knows only too well that he often falls short of the Glory of God. No one knows better than himself his own limitations, and no one more frequently makes his confession of such limitations to the Great Captain of our Salvation. That is why so few ever hear him speak evil of "the brethren." He is kept too busy endeavoring to attend to his Lord's and his own business. He has always believed that the average preacher and layman who attend faithfully to their own business, to make it a success for the glory of God, will have neither the time nor the inclination to "sit on the rail" watching the other fellows' faults as the procession goes by.

When Jesus laid down his life for us, He was not blind to our faults. Nor is He now, in His continual intercession for us, blind to our faults. If we want to be like Jesus, then at least "for love's sake" we should see the brethren through Christ's eye of love. Wherefore, if the Spirit reveal in any one a lack of such love, let it be a challenge—not to accusation but to intercession.

It was Alexander Pope who, smarting under shafts of what he deemed to be malevolent and jealous criticism at the concrete results of his genius declared that—

> Words are like leaves,
> And where they most abound
> Much fruit of sense beneath
> Is rarely found.

And the essence of the above trite stanza is as true today as it was in the time of Pope's hungry contemporaries. They had the same opportunities before them as did he. The literary vineyard was ripe, but the great majority of the real laborers were weighed in the balances and found wanting.

So it is in this century in every line of human endeavor. Let a man or an institution forge to the front through consistent achievement, and on every hand are those who would figuratively pillory them;—not that they dislike the man as a man or the institution as an institution; it is because they, being backward-lookers, fail to see the beckoning signal marked, "Progress."

But why worry, you marchers? Let the other fellow "knock." People have minds to reason for themselves, and that which the "knocker" has to say will have about as much weight as a feather in its downward flight.

△ △ △

As God uses the clouds to be his pitchers to water the flowers in your garden, so He uses the clouds of sorrow to bring blessings to your soul.

HOSPITAL MEDITATION

I had plans that were so pleasing
And had hoped to see them through,
But the plan of God was dif'rent
From the way I ask'd Him do.
So I'm here where pain has brought me
Trusting that the Master knew,
As I suffer with the many,
What was best for me to do.

Yes, He knows, and best He loves me
And I'll trust and love Him too,
For of all the friends I number
Jesus is the Friend most true.
For me He suffered anguish
As upon the cross He died,
And for all there is sweet comfort
As in His love we abide.

With skilled nurses and physicians
Watching o'er me night and day,
Doing all to help relieve me
In the things they do and say,
Oh how dif'rent from my Master
Who upon the cross did cry
As alone He suffered torture
When to God He cried out, "Why."

But as God did not forsake Him
So me He does not forsake,
Rather does He let me glory
As I of His love partake,
For if now I suffer with Him
I shall also with Him reign,
When at last in Heaven's glory
I shall live free from all pain.

So instead of fret and worry
I my ardent love will show,
For my God, my nurse and doctor
And all blessings here below,
Yes, I'll lift my voice to Jesus
When I lie here all alone,
For He hears me when I whisper
To Him seated on His Throne.

Thus in talking with my Saviour
I am helped by His sweet love,
As He sends me Heaven's blessing
From the Father's house above,
Even in the darkest hour
When I scarce know what to do
Then my Jesus gently whispers,
"All the days I am with you!"

CONGRATULATIONS

FROM

THE LUTHERAN MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION

Dear Dr. Zimmerman,

The Lutheran Ministers' Association of Baltimore heartily rejoices with you and your people on the occasion of your 35th Anniversary. Such an event is rare and one that few pastors and people experience. To organize a church in a great city, remain its pastor for thirty-five years, see its congregation grow into one of great numerical strength and spiritual power, to enlarge its seating capacity several times, to observe its influence broaden and deepen with the passing years is an experience that must fill you with Christian joy.

We congratulate you upon the large contributions Christ Church has made to benevolence, the Inner Mission work which you have done in South Baltimore, your zeal for the cause of Christ, your personal unselfishness, your splendid achievements and share your joy that in the providence of God you have been permitted to see this day. We are glad that your people and the great congregations of strangers who worship at Christ Church continue to appreciate the precious truths of the glorious gospel as presented by their faithful and distinguished pastor in the face of a too prevalent clamor nowadays for new things and spectacular methods. Only a pastor of exceptional personality and many talents could have made a history like yours through your published books and extensive writings on many subjects,

gathering at the same time a devoted and church loving people, who have so efficiently and faithfully supported you during these thirty-five years.

Despite the fact that many congregations have sought new and more promising fields, you have accomplished the difficult task of maintaining a strong church in a down-town district with a Sunday School that for years has been regarded as large if not the largest in our city, with congregations that fill your church morning and evening, and a Wednesday evening service with an attendance as large as any in Baltimore. We are sure that the affection and appreciation of your people, evinced by the way they stick to their church and hold up the hands of its pastor, always speaking well of him, must be a source of unfailing pleasure to you.

While the personnel of our Association has changed to the extent that you alone remain of those whose names were on our roll thirty-five years ago, we desire to assure you that we appreciate your regular and faithful attendance at our meetings, your courtesy, cordiality, and co-operation in our deliberations and all that you have done to make our Association a helpful organization.

JOHN C. BOWERS, D. D.
EZRA K. BELL, D. D.
J. EDWARD BYERS, D. D.
Committee

THIS FROM "THE LUTHERAN" OF AUGUST 3, 1922

The history of Christ Church and the ministerial experience of its pastor are exceptional in some respects. Dr. Zimmerman has always preached the Gospel in a simple and effective way. During his pastorate it has been necessary to enlarge the seating capacity of the church and Sunday school rooms several times and while the immediate neighborhood of the church is practically vacated today as far as its members are concerned, the congregations that attend the services are larger than ever before, invariably filling the church, the Sunday school rooms are filled weekly at the Wednesday evening service, more than three hundred attend the monthly meetings of the Ladies' Aid Society and the Sunday School maintains an average attendance of about 800. No man in Baltimore is more generally known, recognized on the street and in hospitals and more universally esteemed for his personal character, his work's sake and his unselfishness than the busy and deeply consecrated pastor of Christ Church.

COMMENDATIONS

FROM THE

"MEN OF MARK"

AND THE

"BOOK OF MARYLAND"

In Rome, in the Forum, there opened one night a gulf. All the augurs turned pale at the sight. They read in this omen the anger of Heaven. Men consulted the gods: then the oracle said:

"Ever open this gulf shall endure till that which Rome hath most precious within it be cast."

The Romans threw in it their corn and their stuff, but the gulf yawned as wide. Rome seemed likely to be ruined before this rent in her heart she could choke. Then Curtius, revering the oracle, spake:

"O Quirites! to this Heaven's question is come: What to Rome is most precious? The manhood of Rome."

He plunged, and the gulf closed.

A heroic deed? Comparable in its nobility with that of the hopeless warriors of a willing doom in bleak Thermopylæ's sepulcral strait. And yet the name of the brave Curtius was mouthed by the snarling populace rather for a few human misdeeds with which he blotted the calendar of time.

Mark Antony, pleading with his fellow-countrymen for his beloved Cæsar, declared—

> "The evil that men do lives after them;
> The good is oft interred with their bones."

And so has it been since Adam: those of us of the earth earthy find a keener delight in picking the chaff

of life rather than the wheat; in sounding a drab dissonance instead of a refulgent harmony.

But there is abroad in the land today to a far more appreciable degree than ever the mellowing spirit of the man of Galilee—the spirit which proclaims "On earth peace, good-will toward men;" the spirit which writes our faults in sand and inscribes our virtues on the tablets of enduring memory; the spirit which proclaimed of Mary Magdalene, "This that she has done shall we write her for a memorial."

There is too much wholesome, healthful spiritual joy to be found on every hand to heed the jeremiads of the atrabilious and the jaundiced: soon or late they will confound themselves. So, passing from the line of condemnation to the boundary of commendation, I trust that I shall be pardoned by the reader for drawing attention to a seeming human frailty that engrips us all—the ego of the I—even as we pass into the Valley of the Shadow. That ego lies in the hope of human remembrance after we shall have put out to sea on the Great Voyage to meet our Pilot face to face. Even Jesus Himself, following His betrayal and the Last Supper, said to His disciples: "Do this in remembrance of me."

The old age of youth has unseated me; the youth of old age is unmistakably beckoning me on. How long I shall remain to work among my beloved people I know not. "Thy will be done." But there is that eternal hope, that never-ceasing longing, that I shall be remembered by those whom I have loved best, those whom I have served best as it has been given me to see my duty.

In consonance with that desire, I feel that no ethical propriety will be seriously violated in presenting to my friends, to peruse, perhaps, in the years to come, the following excerpts from the Fourth Volume of "Men of Mark in Maryland" and the "Book of Maryland:

"MEN OF MARK IN MARYLAND"

In Vol. IV, B. F. Johnson, Publisher, says:

"Among the many strong clergymen of Baltimore, no man takes higher rank, whether measured by ability, consecration or results obtained, than the Reverend Leander M. Zimmerman, D. D. His marvelously successful career as a minister is due, in the vernacular of the day, to what we call 'standing pat' in the faith, and progressive methods.

"He has built up a large, strong and influential congregation. Spurgeon once said: 'I have come, and as regularly the crowds have come, year in and year out. On what theme could I have spoken so many years to the same people and held their interest? If I had spoken on science, politics, books, socialism, my congregation would have scattered long ago.'

"In like manner, Dr. Zimmerman in all these years has adhered to the old Gospel, Sunday after Sunday, and Sunday after Sunday the people come to hear from him the old, old story of "Jesus and His love."

"As the *Baltimore Press* puts it, speaking of his work. 'In spite of the fact that his Church is located in a section where the population has been shifting for the last twenty years, and where business is forcing out all kinds

of settlers, his Church has held its own and his Sunday School is one of the largest in the City.'

"Dr. Zimmerman is a native of Maryland, born at Manchester, in Carroll County, on August 29, 1860, son of Henry and Laah Zimmerman.

"His father was a farmer, an industrious honorable man of sound judgment and strong will-power. He was the owner of a 250 acre farm, upon which were born twelve children, of whom three entered the Gospel ministry, and one the medical profession. Dr. Zimmerman was fortunate in his mother—a woman of most exemplary character, who exercised a most godly influence over her children and looked after every one of them with that personal care which no one but a good mother can give. Naturally, her influence was the strongest and has been the most abiding in his life. He attended the local schools, and in his young manhood one day, while out at his usual tasks, he suddenly felt that it was his duty to enter the Gospel ministry. He at once quit his work, called on his pastor, and told him his experience. He then resumed his work, but in the fall of that year he entered upon a preparatory course as a student in Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg. He was graduated from Pennsylvania College in 1884, with the degree of Master of Arts. He spent the next three years in the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg.

"In December 1887, he was sent to Baltimore, Md., to organize a work in South Baltimore, and within one year from the day Dr. Zimmerman began his work of establishing a new Church, the congregation was self-supporting.

"The congregation is a missionary Church in spirit and deed. On June 18, 1901, the young preacher had made such a mark that the title of D. D. was conferred upon him by Susquehanna University, Pennsylvania.

"For the benefit of the young, to be incorporated in this sketch, he preached a sermon of about fifty words —and very simple words—which is here given verbatim:

'Be unselfish, be kind, be honest and just, be pure, be persevering, hard at work and never be weary in well doing. Have pure ideals. Do right because it is right, and not for the sake of reward. Forgive your enemies, be a friend; make others happier and the world better because you live in it.'

"Any one familiar with the conditions in which Dr. Zimmerman's work lies, will not know which to marvel at most—his tremendous energy, or his wonderful adaptability. The value of such a man in a community cannot be estimated, but at least the facts can be recorded."

"The Book of Maryland"

1920

Published by Maryland Biographical Society, Baltimore, Md., Felix Agnus, Editor-in-chief, Pages 76 and 153 says:

"A man whose life is dedicated to his fellowmen, who seeks not glory for personal gain, who lives for and incessantly labors that others may, while living, make their peace and prepare for the day of entrance into the presence of their God—such a man is the Reverend Leander M. Zimmerman, D. D., who has created joy in the hearts of many despairing throughout the land by

his rare gifts as minister of the Gospel, author, counsellor and friend.

"There are few pastors in Baltimore to-day who have finer records than Dr. Zimmerman. ....He has sacrificed all the pleasures that life can give for the spiritual welfare of his congregation. He has laid his life on the altar dedicated to his Christ in the field to which the Saviour called him. His sterling worth has long since been tested and few there are, indeed, in the local ministerial field, who have such a wide circle of friends, irrespective of denomination or creed. For him the Bible, and pen and pad are all sufficient. He does not choose his sermon from the latest news sensation of the day, but studies the Word of God alone to teach his people the precepts of Jehovah. Dr. Zimmerman is beloved by men and women of every creed. Among his friends he numbers Catholics, as well as many Hebrews. When he celebrated his twenty-fifth anniversary as pastor of Christ English Lutheran Church, he received congratulations from Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Ryan and Theodore Roosevelt, who was then President of the United States, and from a host of other men in public life. Dr. Zimmerman, through his books, 'Reminiscences,' 'Paths That Cross,' 'Yvonne,' 'Dot,' 'Sparks,' 'Cordelia' and others which are nationally popular, has in the spirit been enabled to cheer and entertain those whom he was unable to assist in person. He has also distributed over two million booklets, etc., which have sown the seeds of happiness. Dr. Zimmerman has been and is prominent in the Boards of the Lutheran Church, and is now president of the Deaconess Board. He is unmarried, claiming the Church as his bride."

SOME ABIDING CONVICTIONS

"How best can the power of the pulpit be maintained?"

The foregoing question has often been discussed in ministerial circles, with various reasonings and answers. However, there seems to be but one rational solution. That solution is to be found in a close adherence to the fundamentals of faith. To the achievement and the maintenance of that end there is imperative need of safeguarding the schools of the prophets.

Young men of sterling qualities, reared in homes of refinement and piety, taught to respect the Bible as God's Word, not infrequently have gone out from seminaries with blunted faith, warped ideas of the authority of the Bible, undetermined confidence in the fundamentals taught by pious parents and old-fashioned pastors, until the preaching of such ministers becomes a reproach to the sacred name of the Great Nazarene. Not only this; the preachers who are responsible therefor assume a grave responsibility, for they thereby undermine the faith of the hearers under their charge. Never before did the people need the Gospel so much as they do today. Professional, business, laboring, social classes—all are in a lethargic, soporific condition, requiring an awakening to a clear spiritual vision of the Gospel of the Christ who died for our sins, that we through His vicarious sufferings might be saved.

That there is a multitude of duties for the preacher to perform no sane person will deny, but God has called him primarily to preach the Word and administer the

Sacraments. When confronted with the many problems of the day we preachers, like Peter and the other apostles of the early church, should say: "We will not serve tables, but will give ourselves continually to prayer and the ministry of the Word." No matter what other lines of work we may enter upon, laborers in the ministerial vineyard fail of achievement more from the lack of prayer than from any other cause. A preacher essentially must be a student, but above all else he must be a man of prayer, a man of God, if he would be an efficient preacher and pastor.

That we need an educated ministry no one will deny, but we need something more. Both at home and abroad, we have men and women who are highly trained, but often there seems to be something painfully wanting in religious experience, in spiritual power. Is it because there has not been sufficient "tarrying at Jerusalem, until endued with power from on high?" Is it because there is something wanting in Holy Ghost fire and Pentecostal efficiency? Perhaps less religious education and more Pentecostal efficiency might crowd more churches, make more converts for Jesus and solve the question of the Sunday evening service.

We are not only to "preach the Word," but we are to do it in such a manner as to cause people to *want* to hear it—preach it with a power that will "compel them to come." There is no virtue in preaching to a "wood pile," be the church ever so beautiful or the music ever so fine. Preach to the hearts of your people, not at their minds only. There is a definite line of demarcation between being "preached at" and receiving

the refreshing, renewing influence of a plain, heartfelt sermon from the word of God.

A preacher should not be that only, for we cannot effectually influence our people by mere lip service. Preach to the best of your ability, but let your works show equal ability. Next to the preaching of the word is efficiency in pastoral work. Here there are many and varied demands, and the greatest tact and consecrated skill are needed. Every day with a busy, conscientious pastor, means devoted application of every thought and energy. To be able to help the people in their sorrows and direct them in their plans, requires more than mere ability to preach a great doctrinal sermon.

The author's conviction is that after a congregation has been duly organized and established, pastoral work means not a formal, annual house-to-house visitation of the members, half of whom are busy and sorry the preacher came "just that day" and many of the other half are "not at home." Rather there should be a faithful looking-after of those who need pastoral attention in times of sickness and sorrow.

The minister of a large congregation who attends well to the pulpit and to faithful pastoral work, with the remaining "daily cares of the church," will not have any time left to hang heavy on his hands—at least, it requires of me an average of sixteen or seventeen hours a day for seven days in the week and eleven months in the year.

Another conviction for which the author openly holds brief is that where the pulpit and the pew are properly co-operative and united, there under God's guidance and

blessing will be attained most glorious results. True leadership almost invariably begets true following. So, only as the leader is accorded the co-operative and appropriate response of his people can he successfully serve both God and his flock.

As to the efficiency of my leadership in the decades gone by, it is not for me to say. But the unwavering faithfulness of my people none can deny. The church has indeed been my bride, and as a good helpmeet the congregation and Sunday-school have ever sought both in word and in act to prove their sterling worth. They have ever anticipated their pastor's wants, have sought to please him, to make a stony pathway a verdant lane.

So, looking my dear people squarely in the face, I can truly say, with St. Paul of old: "Ye are my glory and my joy."

A PAULINE SYMPATHY

St. Paul, having been an unmarried man, felt all the more keenly the sorrows of his people and he could say to them, "Who hath sorrow that I have not?"

I have often experienced the same feeling. My Love is my congregation and my friends.—Their joys are mine and their sorrows are also mine. I am so close to them that my life is attuned to their highest peaks of happiness and their lowest peaks of unhappiness, and my greatest happiness is in sharing with my people whatever life has for them.

Love has done all this.

"A crowd is not company and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling symbol where there is no love."

—BACON.

Thirty-five years of wedded love brings many experiences and trials which test the bonds of love, and, when the bonds remain firm, Love indeed rules and, when loved ones are taken away,

"We miss them in the place of prayer
And by the hearth-fire's light;
We pause beside their door to hear
Once more the sweet 'Good-night!'
There seems a shadow on the day
Their smile no longer cheers;
A dimness on the stars of night
Like eyes that look through tears."

—WHITTIER.

Love is happier when it is giving of its great store of sympathy. Ah yes! We all crave for sympathy, just as the flower leans toward the sun to obtain its warmth and brightening influence, and no sympathy is so sweet as that of our dearest beloved.

When St. Paul was a prisoner in a Roman dungeon, he wrote to Timothy and requested him to come and bring the cloak that was left at Troas, also the parchments and books but, above all, said Paul, "Come yourself quickly!" Like St. Paul, I have received this call from many who, also like Paul, were prisoners in the sick room, "Come yourself quickly!" And, forgetful of self, it has always been a great satisfaction to answer the summons and "Come quickly."

Love knows no such term as sacrifice. Love does not stop to reason why or to make reply. Love acts, "Comes

quickly," if thereby it may help another. A loving husband will do all in his power for his devoted wife in her illness or sorrow, no matter what sacrifice it may mean to him in rendering the service.

In answering the call of love, on one occasion, Daniel Webster walked from his law office to the bedside of his daughter; it was winter, and when he approached the sick bed, his daughter cried, "Oh, father! Why did you go out this cold day without putting on your overcoat?" With tears in his eyes, he turned to a friend who was there, and said, "She is dying herself, yet thinking of me!"

It has often occurred thus with me. In days before I had an automobile, I ventured out in all kinds of weather and frequently was compelled to walk long distances in the rain and the cold to visit those who were ill or in great sorrow. I went because love prompted me to do so. I went as did Webster at the call of his dying child. Yes, I have gone like as a father who loveth and "pitieth his children." Their sorrows, by the law of loving sympathy, became mine. Often as I thus visited them, they would say, "I wanted to see you so badly, but why did you come out in all this rain?" Like Webster I, too, could not help but turn aside in tears and say, "Dear soul, she is dying and yet she's thinking of me!"

Yes, it was mutual sympathy that smote the hearts of those I was visiting as well as my own heart. We require sympathy as we require our daily nourishment and it is only true love that can extend true sympathy. Even Jesus himself needed such sympathy. When entering the

garden he said to the disciples, "Stay here at the gate and watch, while I go yonder to pray." But he took with him within the gate three of His chosen ones, that He might not be alone.

Akin to all this has been the sympathy that all these years has bound me to my dear people. Often it has taken the form of pity where its object has been in suffering and distress. I have not merely enjoyed the sympathy of others but have given of my own freely to them.

Loving sympathy is a wonderful fountain that, although giving freely at all times, has a never failing source of supply to draw from. In all this sympathy of love I have always found that by taking an unselfish interest in others, I myself have thereby received a free supply of strength and happiness.

We sometimes hear it said, "Words are of no service to the sorrowing." But, it depends altogether upon the kind of words that are spoken and the manner and the feeling expressed by those words. No high-sounding phrases of the mind are so effective as a few simple words from the heart. "Words fitly spoken" to the sorrowing are of service, and they should not be withholden. Words of sympathy are too sacred for any one to tell their worth. If they come from God, then it is our privilege to be the channel through which God sends the healing balm to the weary and heavy laden. Blessed are they who have the delicate tact of giving assurance of sympathy without making any ostentatious show of it.

Can you wonder that my eyes sometimes dim with tears as I look upon my congregation? It is not a crowd

of faces, young and old, rich and poor, that look up into mine. It is mine own people, my beloved, my Love that I talk to, and I bring them, not merely my own words of sympathy and cheer, but the words of Him, who is Love.

MOTHER, DEAR MOTHER

"Mother, dear mother!" A babyfied abbreviation of her name is generally the first word lisped by the child; the first person sought for in the home; the first one asked for in times of sickness and sorrow. Mother! Ah, yes, mother is always the one called upon for the ministration of love. When the family wants a baby, the doctor brings it to mother. When the baby wants its meals, every fifteen minutes, it wants mother.

No task is too hard or too menial for dear mother. She manages to find baby's soiled clothes somewhere and have them washed and ironed and ready when needed, and the older children always run first to mother when they need a missing toy or other article, and mother's patient search usually finds it.

When we "grown-ups," looking around, find mother absent, we know what the man meant who wrote that famous epigram, "What is Home without a Mother?" That man knew and he also knew that everyone else knew the answer. He therefore was assured that the response would be unanimous.

First, last and at all times, we want mother. Why? Because Dear Mother wants us; Mother dear loves us. That is why we love her so dearly—because she first loved us.

I have been preaching the glad tidings of the Word for thirty-five years—and I would not change places with the greatest king—but, had not my mother in my infancy consecrated me to the Lord for the Gospel Ministry, it is more than likely that I would have entered some other vocation. It was my mother who took me to the Lord when I was yet an infant.

Blessed motherhood! Is it any wonder that of such mothers it is written, "Her children rise up and call her blessed."

Motherhood means sacrifice. None but a mother can ever really know the greatness, and the blessedness, of the sacrifice. The child is her joy and her reward,—if the child grows up "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

God gave the possibility of motherhood to womankind, but all mothers do not appreciate or enjoy the great blessings that belong to them, for they frequently do not want to be "bothered" with the children and neglect their responsibilities so that, in old age, the children cannot "rise up and call her blessed."

Not a few mothers, in their old age, are lonely and sad because, when they were young, they neglected to cement to themselves the hearts of their children. This may be wholly unintentional on their part. They may have been too indulgent and caused their children to develop selfish natures, or they may have failed in mother-love and kindness, so that their children knew not the real meaning of "Home, Sweet Home." Children want to know more than "reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic." They want love.

"For Love's sake," a mother will teach her child to know God, to speak the truth, to be unselfish, to be "kindly affectioned, in honor to prefer one another," "not slothful in business," "fervent in spirit," "serving the Lord." When mothers thus early in life "bring their children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," it is more than likely that, in old age, these same children will not depart from that which was taught them during the more tender years of their lives. We may look upon such in their old age and see upon them marks of the rough usage of the world and the evidences of years of time and trouble. But, beneath the rough usage of their lives, there lie concealed the marks of the handwriting which, in their childhood days, good mothers put upon their hearts.

Write therefore on the heart of your child a good thought, a good word, a good deed, and it will endure when the elements of the world shall have passed away.

If you write with an iron pen on the rock, in time the elements will efface it. The soul of your child however, is immortal, and your words and actions written thereon, will live throughout eternity.

Yes, praise God! there is a permanency of Holy impressions which parents make upon their little ones, which cause them, even in old age, to reflect honor upon those who were true, not only to their children, but to God.

What greater glory could woman desire than these words of the Holy Word, "Give her the fruits of her hands, and let her own works praise her?" And why is it so written of the good mother? Because she looked

well to the ways of her household and ate not the bread of idleness. The homes of the good mothers are places of industry in which each member of the household shares in the daily tasks. Together they toil, multiplying for each other the joys, and dividing the burdens and sorrows. Some of us have yet sweet memories of the common service of love in the country homes.

Ah, "Home, sweet Home" as we remember it in the humble country cottage—how much more glorious than the "pleasures and palaces" we sometimes might have envied. When we came home from school at eventide, there was not only the plate for each at the table, but also a place for work. It may have been finding the eggs, or carrying in wood, or watering the stock, or bedding the cattle, or assisting in a hundred and one different things about the house or barn—but we all served as we had the time, the strength and the ability. We did something for the good of somebody. And those experiences of early childhood days meant much to us in after years. We were forming habits that have endured through the stress and strain of life's journey.

There was a co-partnership in the homes of many of us who are now older, and that same kind of association might save many modern homes from lapsing into mere "stopping places."

All hail to the good mothers who are among the saints on earth! Around their heads we would place a halo of praise. Yea, the children of the good mothers herald their praise in the words, "Let her works praise her in the gates."

WHEN THE SCHOOL IS OUT

Every child understands what is meant by the terms, "When the school is in" and "When the school is out;" for, from the day on which school "takes in" the child's troubles begin and life commences in earnest.

Until the starting of school, the little one is petted and humored by a devoted mother, oft-times to the child's own injury. At any rate, whether for the child's own good or otherwise, the mother love frequently yields to her own better judgment so that the child has much his own way—until the day when, arrayed in his best bib and tucker and with mother's reluctant tears spoiling the newly starched collar, the little one starts upon the great adventure—school. Then there is a difference.

The school teacher now takes the child in charge and endeavors to prepare him for future service and usefulness, happiness and honor. Naturally, the self-willed child at once feels the pressure of restraint. He is too young to understand just why he should not have his own way as he did when in mother's indulgent charge and often dislikes his teacher and thinks the lessons are unnecessarily hard.

When, however, the school days are over, when "school is out" and the boy has grown to young manhood, then, if he has been a faithful student, he understands it all and he loves and respects his teacher for having taught him that which was necessary to qualify him for life's demands and obligations.

In much the same way we all have our lessons to learn in the School of Sorrow. Like the child, we, too, often

murmur against our Teacher and think Him harsh and unkind. We complain that the lessons are unnecessarily hard and all to no purpose. Thus our eyes are frequently dim with weeping and our hearts full of care.

The many burdens which oppress us and oft-times sink us low cause us to lose sight of the tender, loving face of our Teacher, "Who taught as never man spake." In our grief we think only of the present, and as tears flood the eyes to blindness, even the light of the day is darkened. Ah, how many a bright day is spoiled to us because of the tears that film our eyes.

At such times, in our school-days of sorrow, we fail to learn our lesson and are unwilling to say, "Thy will, O Lord, be done." Not only so, but in our rebellion we are left alone to bear our sorrow and to work out the problems of life.

But Teacher is patient and the hardest problem can be solved if we but apply ourselves to its mastery. Helpless and almost in despair we turn away from self and the burden. We lift up our eyes from the perplexing problem and find the influence from whence cometh our help, and, lo, out of the cloud comes the sweet voice of Teacher, our Teacher of love from above. He bids us be of good cheer and assures us that all things work together for good to them that love the Lord. We look again and behold the face of the Master, for He stands ever watching and waiting to help us solve the problems.

With a glance of tender love He says, "Let me help you!" Yes, "Cast your cares on Him for He careth for you."

The cross is ever before us if we will but seek it. Turning to the cross we find relief for the troubled soul, for there is a balm beneath its shadows that can heal all earthly griefs.

Life is not always pleasant and on the way we are often wounded and wearied. The thorn in the flesh may not always be removed, but better than the removal is the given grace of the Great Teacher, who endearingly says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Sometimes in the times of greatest agony and trouble we see God's goodness more clearly than we do when we are enjoying the world's choicest gifts.

The child cannot reason out the usefulness of many lessons in school, and we in the school of life cannot fully understand how the many threads in the fabric of life can be interwoven to make a design that is pleasing to the eye. At such times we are assured that, in the weaving at the loom of experience, there is a definite pattern and, although we may not understand all earthly griefs, each thread has its place and it is necessary to blend the dark threads with the light ones to work out the perfect design.

Let us not, therefore, despair as the shuttle rushes back and forth and let us not question the unerring judgment of the Teacher, for when we are weak within ourselves, He imparts new strength to the student in God's School of Sorrow, whereby he is enabled the better to "run and grow not weary, walk and faint not."

Our part is to carry out the instructions of the Teacher, for when all is completed in the weaving of life's fabric, we will discover that the Lord Himself is at the loom,

and although the pattern may appear to us on the reverse side and unseen to mortal eyes, the eye of the Teacher saw it all the while.

Thus, "He leads the blind by a way they know not; He leads them into paths they have not known; He makes darkness light before them and crooked things straight." He knows the way. "He leadeth me," and I will follow Him, for He will bring me safely to my heavenly home "when school is out."

A LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

Many there are whose spiritual horizon seems drab and forbidding. Try as they may, they can see no rift in the ominous clouds of doubt and disappointment. For them, truly, "hope deferred maketh the heart sick."

But ever is the darkest hour just before the dawn. Ever is there a halo of refulgent glory environing the heads of those who hold fast to that faith which builds a bridge across the gulf of death, to break the shock blind nature cannot shun.

Saul of Tarsus, on his way to Damascus, breathed forth threatenings of slaughter. No sun, no stars, no moon, were there for him. Darkness—only Stygian darkness! But soon Saul saw a strange light in the heavens. It was that personal spiritual light that God had held in reserve for him but of which he knew not. It was that personal spiritual light which is yours but which an all-wise Father has kept concealed from you. That adverse fate which follows you fast and still faster probably is only a veneer beneath which lies the golden dream of happiness fulfilled. For—

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

Listen, brother o' mine! Is your mind receptive? Is your soul receptive? Then hear me bear testimony to the fact that God has never failed me. Over the portal of the home in which I was born and reared my father had painted the talismanic words, "In God We Trust." The old home place is today in the hands of strangers. Recently, accompanied by a brother, I visited our old home. Ah, how sweet memories came trooping back! Memories dear as remembered kisses after death. Naught, however, is there transient that stands but for the scythe of Time to mow. The house, the favorite nooks—all seemed strange. We looked over the front door for the old, familiar sign, but the words had long since been effaced.

But time has not effaced them from either my memory or my heart. They are with me always. There have been times when, like all honest confessing persons, I have been disappointed, not only with myself, but with others. But never have I been disappointed in God.

In God have I put my trust for more than two-score years and ten; in God shall I continue to put my trust until faith and hope have been swallowed up in love in Heaven. And I also wish to testify to the fact that I praise God for the call which He gave me to enter the Gospel ministry. While out in the woods piling up bark that call came to me, much as Elisha heard the voice divine while plowing in the fields.

It was not through urgent persuasion of another, but I felt it to be God Himself who was speaking to me. And I answered: "Here am I, O Lord; send me!" God did send me, and to God would I give the glory for all these years the Lord has been with me and blessed my labors.

Yes, I am glad that I heeded the call, and have only thanksgiving for having been able to serve my God and my fellow-men for 35 years in the Gospel ministry. Trials there have been, but there never has been a time when I was not exeeding glad that I had thus spent the best years of my life not only in the Gospel ministry, but also in the ministry as pastor of Christ English Lutheran Church of Baltimore, Maryland.

I NOW DO UNDERSTAND

Is life to thee a mystery?
Are some things hard to bear?
Doth God reveal all clearly
As heav'nward thou dost stare?
Or, dost thou stop and wonder,
Amid life's stormy days,
Why God in all His wisdom
Doth lead in such dark ways?

"What I do now thou know'est not,"
Says Christ, the Friend of friends.
"But thou shalt know hereafter,"
Are loving words He sends.
The stroke that falls upon thee,
In this cold, dreary land,
Prepares the soul for heaven,
The house not made with hands.

In many ways of sorrow,
By tears, and pain, and woe,
God separates from evil
His children here below.
He leads in valleys lonely,
And hedges up their way
To keep them in the straight path,
That leads to endless day.

The burdens which oppress us
And oft-times sink us low,
Are meant for wings to lift us
Above this world below,
That when our work is over
And before God we stand,
He shall unto us pilgrims
Extend a Father's hand.

Thus suff'ring with our Master,
Bearing with Him the cross,
Fighting with Him the battle,
We shall not suffer loss,
But glorified and reigning
We shall with Jesus stand,
And shout 'mid scenes of rapture,
"Now I understand."

THE CHURCH AND MISSIONS

Missions Are Primary and Not Secondary

Our blessed Lord came as the first great Missionary to save us from our sins, and if we are truly saved and are His followers, then we are saved for service. Our orders are plain. We are commanded by the Great Captain of our salvation to "go out in the highways and hedges and compel" the unsaved to be brought within the hearing of the preached word, and a saving knowledge of the truth of God. This does not mean that a few shall do the work, but that the whole church is called upon of God to go forth in search of the lost. Christ says: "As the Father hath sent Me, so send I you." The true convert therefore has his orders, and the church is the divinely appointed channel through which God by the power of the Holy Ghost sends redeeming grace.

Take our large cities, and what are we doing for the saving of many of the outcasts, the neglected, by way of "inner mission work?" The fields are truly ripe unto the harvest. Young men and women by the score are drifting into the whirlpool of sin and destruction, and the church is called upon of God to help rescue the perishing, not only abroad, but in the neglected sections of our large cities. Many are drifting away from our Sunday schools and churches, with little effort to reclaim them except as the preacher may here and there go after them. We need the united effort of every Christian in our Sunday schools and churches to save the lost, otherwise the work will not be done. God help every

one to be a true missionary of the cross and go forth to seek and save the wanderer and the lost. First Christianize thoroughly the home, then help to Christianize the homes of those who know not God. "The fields are truly ripe unto the harvest," and there is need of more consecrated laborers who are willing like Christ to go out among the meek and lowly as they take up the labor of love.

We must not depend upon mere specialists and professional men and women. There is danger of over organizing, professionalizing and institutionalizing our Christianity. Every member of the church should say, "Lord, here am I, what wilt thou have me do?"

The Field Is the World and Missions Is the Great Theme

The world for Christ and Christ for the world. The more the world learns to know of Christ, the more people will learn to know of God, for, says Christ, "I and the Father are one." The church must not be selfish. Nor is it enough to sing and pray, important as these may be. Faith without works is dead. We need more workers, not simply the "faithful few," but the whole army of God should be on the "firing line." Visions and dreams are all right in their place, but mere visions and dreams will not evangelize the world. We must give of our money, our influence, and best of all we must give ourselves as servants of God. Wherever the fields are ripe unto the harvest, we should go forth as laborers, and

not look on idly. *Work, work, work,* is an element of success not only in temporal things, but also in spiritual affairs. *"Go forth and make disciples."* Of whom? "Of all nations."

We must help send the word of God unto those who are in foreign lands. It is our duty by prayer, money, works and personal influence to help Christianize all nations. Unfortunately there are many who are idle. They hear the words, "Come unto Me and find rest," but seem deaf to the command, "Go work in My vineyard," "Go, make disciples of all nations."

Only when we seek to obey will God's precious promise be fulfilled to us: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

"WHERE DO YOU LIVE?"

"Where do you live?" is a question frequently asked these days when people are moving from one part of the city to another, or else into the suburbs and country. We have become a city of 'movers,' and it is difficult to keep track of some people. The question, therefore, is not unusual. There is, however, another sense in which we may ask of each other:

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"Where do you live? That is, where do you live in your own personal self? Do you live on 'Bumble Bee' street, where you are annoying your neighbor and 'stinging' your associates? Do you live on 'Complaining' street, where nothing suits you? Do you live on 'Dissatisfaction' street, where you are on the outs with your next-door neighbor, their children and associates? Do

you live on 'Fault-finding' street, where you are not only miserable yourself, but where you also make miserable everybody in your block?

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"Where do you live in your own home? Are you a grumbler there? Do you grumble when you sit down to eat your meal? Do you grumble when you get up in the morning, and grumble the last thing before you go to bed at night? Do you grumble at the fireside, on the street, in your business, in your conversation?

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"Where do you expect to live when you pass out of this world? Remember that in Heaven there is no fault-finding, no grumbling, and that is what makes it Heaven. In hell there is constant grumbling. Do not, therefore, make your home, your business, your life, a hell by being a grumbler.

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"All people should move out on Thanksgiving street, and 'in everything give thanks.'"

MATERIAL VS. SPIRITUAL EQUIPMENT

The subject of prayer is timely. No matter how often we may consider this subject, or how much we may say upon it, we can never learn to know too much about communion with God, for without the knowledge, we cannot have the experience. We have abundance of knowledge about things material, but not enough about our spiritual relation with God.

I say "we," for we preachers, as well as the laymen, need to know more about prayer, both as to its nature and also its necessity. We have abundant equipment in the church. The church is much like a long train of cars. Everything looks beautiful. The engine and coaches are all lined up in almost perfect array. It often looks much like an excursion train with its multiplied coaches. The church is the engine and its manifold organizations, societies, guilds, leagues, brotherhoods, sisterhoods, et cetera, are the attached coaches. The people in these various departments are the passengers seated in the coaches. The flags fly, the banners wave and a great shout is going up from the mouths of many. But sometimes there is more noise than progress. The long train on the track stands still until power is put into the engine. Coaches are dependent upon the engine and the engine is dependent upon the power. Now apply all this to the church. The coaches, or the societies and organizations, are dependent upon the church, and the church is dependent upon the power. Without the power everything will be at a spiritual standstill.

What is the power? The Spirit of God, and where true prayer is wanting, there is also wanting power. I repeat, therefore, that we preachers, together with the laymen, are in need of more of this power, for our time is so taken up with the material equipment, with the concern for things within and outside of the church, that we are driving along under the lash from early morn until late at night so that there is little or no time left for communion with God. Let the average person ask the question for him or herself and see how much

time is given for real devout meditation and communion with God. We are busy planning, thinking, working, but, alas! few of us spend enough time on our knees in prayer before Almighty God. We trust too much to our own strength and lean too much upon our own understanding. We need to go more frequently and more earnestly to God for help and for power. The woman of old "touched" Jesus and "power" went forth from Him to her. We, too, should get closer to our Blessed Lord, that getting power from Him, we might accomplish far greater things for God and the church.

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If, instead of having and getting, men would give and serve, many more would be great and happy.

MAKE YOUR HOME HAPPY

There was a time when people used to sing: "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." They not only sang it, but they believed it.

Judging from the manner in which multitudes to-day live and talk, one would conclude that home is about the last place where they want to be, even though it is palatial in its general appearance. They rush to business, movies, societies, clubs, card parties, theatres, etc., etc., where they remain until tired out; then, when they have nowhere else to go, they yawningly say, "Well, I guess I'll go home and go to bed." Yes, "home and to bed." That about expresses the idea that many have of their

homes, a sort of a boarding house where they sleep and take a meal or two.

Why not build up a happy home like the Bethany home of old, that yours may at least be in keeping with the Holy Family?

Let there be a loving sympathy between the individual members of your household, and bar out all nagging, grouchiness and fault finding. Live like pals, comrades, companions, then, be it ever so humble, you will find no other place so happy as your own home.

That which is needed most in many homes is not more furniture, but more religion. The family altar needs to be restored, for where God and love are there discord and unhappiness find no room. More Bible reading and prayers in the home will mean less unhappiness and fewer divorces. Children reared in godly homes, will in after years rise up and call blessed their beloved parents.

"WAITING FOR SOMETHING TO TURN UP."

Charles Dickens, in his charming story, "David Copperfield," portrays a character known as Micawber, a weak, improvident fellow, who wasted his days "waiting for something to turn up." Of course he never went far on the road to success.

The only place where success can be found without much effort is in the dictionary. An honest day's work dressed in overalls helped to make America.

There is too much wishbone and not enough backbone! Mere wishing gets man nowhere, except into a soft place, a marsh for instance. Micawber had what we call a "soft job." He lived on the generosity of his friends until they shipped him abroad to be rid of him. Instead of idly waiting for some greater work, it is better to toil in any vineyard until a better field for labor presents itself, and this will always be possible for the man who will do and dare. Dame Fortune is a lazy goddess and does not come to a man. He has to go out and search until he finds her. If you can't find golden sheaves in the harvest fields, go glean among the briars, for often their shadows hide the heaviest wheat.

This thing of "waiting for something to turn up," as a rule, keeps a man waiting a long time. A better method is to go and turn the thing up yourself, lest, while you are waiting, the other fellow gets the wheat and you get the chaff.

Granted that the outlook is poor at first, what of it? Watch the birds! In their economical husbandry they take a few twigs, pieces of cotton and old strings and out of these little things they build a great thing—a home.

If, instead of idly wasting our time and spending what little money we have, "waiting for something to turn up," we would use the opportunities at hand, most of us would have a job worth while, whether we be a preacher or a plowman.

The by-products of commerce—things which at one time were cast aside as worthless, are often sources of great revenue.

Half a loaf, to a hungry and idle man, is better than none and, if he uses the half loaf wisely he is more than likely to be the owner of all the loaves he needs before many days. Instead of redeeming our time, talents and opportunities, we too often are guilty of wilful and woeful waste.

We envy the inventor who reaps a large royalty; we sigh for the fortunes others have amassed, but we do not know of their struggles, hardships, privations and failures before they became inventors and masters of fortunes.

Struggling against the affliction of total blindness, Milton said:

"God toward thee hath done his part,—do thine!"

Longfellow expressed it in another way,—

"Know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong."

Perfection is the ultimate justification of being, and both mental and moral suffering are incident to human life in the school of preparation.

Let man settle business and industrial troubles by brotherly kindness rather than by force and cunning. Let every man be willing not only to endure the icy blasts of winter but also the struggles and hardships that beset us along the way of life; let him trust in God and do the right, and he will pass life's severest tests and be a blessing both to himself and to others.

I believe it was Shakespeare who said that the fault of most of our failures is not in our stars but in ourselves.

We often wonder how certain individuals accomplish so much, why it is they always "get there" and have things which are denied us. We charge them with being lucky, getting things for nothing while we, who have worked hard, are never such favored creatures. I admit that there are some such, but they are the rare exception, and, "for love's sake," you and I should be broadminded enough not to misjudge all because of a few. "Daddy Luck" is just as hard to find as is Dame Fortune. We see what others get, but we do not know what they gave before they became "getters." We envy their gifts, but do we appreciate their sacrifices?

Some of us know what it means to begin work in a large city on a small salary, live in one room on the third floor with no modern conveniences. We know what it meant to carry up coal and water and carry down the ashes and waste water—not because we were compelled to do so, but because, "for love's sake," we wanted to help others before we helped ourselves.

The question for each one to answer, whether preacher or layman is, "Am I willing to pay the price?"—"Am I willing to make the sacrifice for Christ's sake?"—"Am I willing to live Christ?"—"Am I willing to begin thus humbly in life?" Lest some may say, "It is not dignified to do such menial service," be it remembered that even Jesus washed the disciples' feet.

Some may envy the fellow with an automobile, but are they willing to give the years of sacrifice, denial and

toil that came before the possession of the machine and, having one, would they spend the time and labor necessary to keep it running and in condition to better their ability to serve?

There is money in the slag, sand and salt in the sea and sunshine in the carbon of smoke and the clay of the roadbed, but only for those who know how to extract it and who are willing to do the work. One of the great purposes of human life is to accomplish some useful work, and, when we use what we have, pluck a victory out from under the heels of defeat, refrain from buying things for which we have no need, be satisfied in not having things our neighbor chances to possess,—then we will be able to climb up the ladder of success.

Daniel of old had a hard climb. He was even pulled down and thrown among the lions by his jealous associates who thought that the hungry beasts would devour him, but God was with him and sustained him. When man links up with God and does his part faithfully the mouths even of human lions are stopped, for it is written, "Thy God whom thou serveth continually, He will deliver thee."

This brings me to the point I wish to emphasize chiefly. If we "seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness," we will never want any good thing. If, like Daniel, many of us kneeled more frequently in prayer and talked more with God and less against our fellow men, we, too, might be more triumphantly delivered. Yes, we would then hear the words, "Thy God whom thou serveth continually is able to deliver thee."

The "deliverance" at times may be delayed. When Jacob was passing through the varied experiences and events of life he said of them, "All these are against me," but some years later, when he realized the good they had brought to him and to his family, then that same Jacob testified to the wonderful goodness of God, saying, "The God which fed me all my life long unto this day."

And so it will be for all good followers of God when at last they come to view the providence of the Heavenly Father in His dealings with mankind. The final great surprise for all of us will be that the God whose love we sometimes questioned will be so clearly revealed that we will cry out, "God be merciful to me a sinner—the God which fed me all my life long unto this day!"

Wherefore, dear readers, if things have not come your way, do not waste time and energy "waiting for something to turn up," but take hold of the first thing at hand, make good use of that which you have, and in a short time you will find that through struggle we attain unto victory.

In the same book of Dickens' in which the character Micawber appears, is the story of David Copperfield (which some say is Dickens' own life). David was a poor, orphan boy who found the world apparently arrayed against him, but he made the most of what was given him, he washed bottles, he worked, he studied and he overcame difficulties wherever he found them. While Micawber was waiting, David was working and, though

he never attained to great success, his life was a life of unselfish devotion and service to others.

Ah, great is the life that chisels success out of the hard granite of adversity, but greater the life that chisels a thing of beauty and a joy forever for the benefit of others.

WHO—OR WHAT—OR WHERE—IS GOD?

I was telling a boy about how God had made the heavens and earth and all living creatures, but before I had gone far in my talk with him he interrupted me and asked: "Who made God?"

When I told him that no one made God because God had been from the beginning, he again asked: "Where is God?"

When I explained to him that God was everywhere present, he quickly queried, saying: "Well, I never saw him."

There are not a few adults who ask similar questions, but, would it not be strange for a bird to ask, "Where is the air?" or a fish, "Where is the sea?" And is it not equally foolish to ask: "Where is God?" We do not much wonder that the Psalmist said: "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," for on all sides we have the evidences and the footprints of God.

"In Him we live and move and have our being."

Perhaps the best evidence of God's existence is not only in all his handworks but the fact that humanity

needs a God who can satisfy the many needs, material, mental and religious.

Such a God must possess all power, all wisdom, all life and all love. This very God is the God that mankind seeks, not only seeks, but finds.

To the Athenians of old who were seeking such a God, St. Paul declared: "Him whom ye ignorantly worship, we declare unto you."

And how was it possible for Paul to declare unto them such knowledge? Because the One who had come into the world, who had been sent by the Father, had appeared unto Paul and said: "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," for "the Father and I are one." "I am in the Father and the Father is in me."

Paul therefore could speak with authority. Like Peter he could say: "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." And we to-day beholding the risen Jesus can exclaim with Thomas: "My Lord, and my God." The God whom we serve is not a God from evolution.

"In the beginning God," God is from all eternity to all eternity. He was the first of all causes, "and without him was not anything that was made."

And although two sparrows may be sold for a farthing, nevertheless not one falleth on the ground without the will of your Father!

"Shall He not much more care for thee?"

This God of ours whom we love and serve, not only loves us and cares for us, but has placed within us an immortal soul.

Before God made a bird, he made the atmosphere in which the bird might fly. Before he made a fish, he made the sea in which the fish might swim. And before God gave man an immortal soul he prepared a place in which that soul after it leaves the body at death might live forever with the Lord.

No wonder the sacred writer exclaims: "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty."

You and I, having such a God to rule over us may well exclaim: "In God we trust."

Alas, that there are those who have not sought God to find him and trust in him!

Alas also, that there are many who, although they have found God and apparently love him, nevertheless forget to thank him for his many blessings.

They rise up in the morning, behold the glories of nature and sunrise, enjoy the blessings of health and success in life, are endowed with gifts for lives of service and usefulness, and yet fail to think of God or to give him thanks for his many mercies.

We should all therefore call upon our souls and all that is within us, to bless and magnify his holy name. "Bless the Lord, O my soul and forget not all his benefits."

THE MYSTERY OF GODLINESS

"Great is the mystery of Godliness; God manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory."

The revelation thus epitomized by the Apostle, with other mysteries closely connected with it, has been for all ages a battlefield for all manner of critics. The sacred writer himself declares it a "great mystery"—"the mystery of godliness."

But are not these mysteries great because we are so small?

"God's seas are wide
And our boats are small."

Although there are many things which are not only above reason but are also "past finding out," nevertheless that does not mean that they are contrary to reason. To the brightest intellect there come problems that have to be accepted even though the rules or formulæ are not thoroughly clear.

The average man will find it rather difficult either to understand or to clearly define the nature and workings of electricity in its varied forms—at this time particularly, the wireless, and yet no sane man will deny the reality or the usefulness of electricity. He will enjoy its benefits without doubting the source of its power.

Although man may not be able to understand the flower—petals, root, stem, leaf and all, nevertheless, if he has good eyesight, he will be convinced of its beauty.

Shall we not believe in the mysteries of godliness, even though we do not understand all and all?

At the time of creation, "The Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters," and, although until that time there were no creatures in the water, nevertheless, afterward, we read, "the waters brought forth abundantly the moving creatures that had life."

And where did all these "creatures" come from? They had no physical conception—no "human fathers" as we commonly speak of. How then could they be born without the "human father" of each of the many species? No one stops to ask such a question. And yet—the very persons who accept the creation of "creatures" in the waters without a human father refuse to accept the Christian doctrine of the Virgin Birth.

This great mystery of Godliness, God manifest in the flesh, they reject because they say it is impossible for a child to be born without a human father.

If we accept the statement in the Old Testament of the Bible giving the account of the creation and if we agree that it was thus possible to have "creatures" born without the "human father," after their kind, then why not also believe in the New Testament the account which tells us that the same Spirit which moved upon the face of the waters, at the time of creation, also came upon Mary, and "she was found with child of the Holy Ghost."

The angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph, Mary's espoused, in a dream, saying, "Thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary, thy wife; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost. And she shall bring forth a son and thou shalt call his name Jesus."

We agree that "great is the mystery of godliness," but with God, "all things are possible." The same God who made man without the use of a human father, that same God sent into this world the Son of Man, conceived of the Holy Ghost, born of a virgin.

In regard to the new spiritual birth the mystery of godliness is great. Nicodemus of old asked, "How can these things be?" Like Nicodemus, we may not be able to explain or even understand, but we know whether or not we have passed from darkness to light. We know whether or not we have been "born again," for the Spirit of God beareth witness with ours that we are the children of God. Sin is cast out of the heart, God is received and man ceases to be a child of nature and becomes a child of God; he is no longer an heir of death but an heir of endless life. "He that believeth in the Son hath everlasting life." Just how it is all done may not be universally agreed upon, nor is it essential that we understand it all. The real and supreme question however for each of us is, "Have I yet found the priceless gift of eternal life?" Our minds slip back to the old Gospel hymn,

Lord, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold.
I would make sure of heaven;
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy Kingdom,
On its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

The mystery of godliness is also realized in the Sacraments. For example, in the Lord's Supper, as elements, we have the bread and the wine. Often, during the European war, the elements were so limited in comparison to the large number who partook of the sacrament that each communicant received but a small portion of

a wafer and a few drops of wine—and yet no one questioned the validity of the sacrament because of the small amount of bread and wine used. Bread and wine are only earthly elements, and yet as elements with the word and properly consecrated, Paul said of them, "The bread we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ? The cup we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ?"

Not in a gross and carnal manner, but in an incomprehensible, invisible, supernatural manner, Christ is present. He said, "This is my body; this is my blood." Of themselves the elements are only so much bread and wine, but when scripturally united with the word, then they become a sacrament.

The same is true with the Sacrament of Baptism. Separate and alone, the water remains nothing more nor less than water, whether it be a tankfull or a teaspoonful, but, when the water is spiritually united with the word, the command and promise, then it becomes a sacrament unto the one who is baptized, whether that one be an infant or an adult, and whether the water be of large or small amount.

Yes, the mystery of godliness is great and, although some things are beyond the reasoning of man, nevertheless it is not necessarily thereby contrary to man's God-given reason.

Even before the birth of some did the Holy Ghost in an extraordinary way influence and bless certain children—"Before thou cameth out of the womb I sanctified thee." Jeremiah 1:5. And, shortly after the birth of others, the Holy Ghost bestowed His gift—"Thou didst

make me trust when I was upon my mother's breasts," Ps. 22:9.

Perhaps you too, dear reader, in the face of all these things, exclaim: "Great is the mystery of Godliness!" Yes, but that does not destroy the fact.

When the destroying angel passed over the Egyptian homes, wherever a few drops of blood were sprinkled upon the door posts of the houses, there the angel passed over and the life of the child in that house was spared. Some critics may ask, "What good could a few drops of blood do?" We do not know what the critic may think about it, but we do know that it meant life for the child.

And so, a voluminous writer sneeringly asks, "What good can a few drops of water do upon the head of a child at baptism?" We do not know what good he thinks an oceanful can do, but we do know that the water, as the element with the word, whether much or little, becomes a sacrament unto the child that is thus baptized in the name of the Triune God, and is thereby adopted into God's Kingdom of grace and becomes God's child by adoption. Children are fit for God long before they are fit for anything else.

Praise God! The bible tells us of the promise, not only unto Abraham, but unto his children's children.

If John the Baptist was "filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb," (Luke 1:15) then surely we have a right to believe that grace can go not only as far as sin, but farther, and that, therefore, God can put grace into the child—just how, it is not given to us to understand—for "great is the mystery of godliness."

Since love and the power of faith are gifts of God, shall we not look then for responses from the child toward God, as early as we look for them toward a mother?

Of course, it is not a fully developed love and trust in God, just as it is not in the mother. And yet, although it was "little faith," the A. B. C. of faith, nevertheless it was faith. A single flake of snow is not a snowbank, and yet, it is snow. In like manner, the faith of the child is faith, and with time that faith is enlarged and grows, until the time when the child at the age of majority, makes his own public confession of faith in Christ as his Saviour, thus ratifying and confirming the promise of the parents made at the time of the baptism of the child.

Christ, who is "the Way, the Truth and the Life," has ways in His dealings with not only adults but also with children, which are past finding out. One thing, however, is certain—He who came into the world to save sinners would surely not allow one-third to die in infancy and be lost because they were not able to think and believe in the large degree that adults are. The Lord Jesus has certainly made provision in some way or other for "these little ones that believe," and Christ adds, "these little ones that believe in Me." (Mark 9:42.)

That which you and I most need in all these things is faith in God, "trusting where we cannot see." Ours is not to reason why; ours is but to trust and obey in all the great mysteries of godliness.

LOOKING FORWARD, NOT BACKWARD

"Don't you wish you could live your life over again?" Think of the good you might yet be able to accomplish!"

This question was put to me recently by a gentleman who meant it kindly and seriously. My reply was, "No, I am getting toward the top of the hill and have no special desire to start and climb the hill a second time."

Since then I have thought little about the question, but it is a question we often hear asked, "Would you want to live life over again?" For many, it is a matter of grave importance. The best of us have had our experiences, "for better, for worse." Like John Bunyan's Pilgrim, we, too, in our journey have often gotten into the wrong place and have awakened with regret after we have fallen asleep from weariness.

But, with it all, would we do better if we went over the same road a second time? Would we want to repeat the journey,—especially if we have made it with a reasonable amount of success?

If we have been led and inspired by the Holy Spirit, we should have no desire to look backward, and much less should we desire to turn backward. The poet who sang,

> "Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight,
> Make me a child again"

very wisely added,

> "Just for to-night," yes, "make me a child again,
> Just for to-night."

Can you conceive of a man, a man well developed in every sense, wanting to be a child again? He might long for childhood's peace and tranquillity on some night at the close of a weary day, but, after a refreshing sleep, he will awake in the morning, look in the mirror and see that God-given sleep has restored him, not to childhood but to vigorous, capable manhood. The boys who have returned from the battle front have told us that, many times in the midst of danger and distraction, they have had a "blue flunk" and wished to be back at home, but a rest, food and the encouragement of a good officer have revived the manly spirit and they have gone onward to victory.

No, the college graduate does not want to be a pupil again, back in the primary department; the soldier does not want to be a raw recruit again; neither does the Simeon saint of old want to be a child again to start life all over. St. Paul's view of this matter was not only sensible but also practical: "Forgetting the things that are behind, I press forward."

The poet Whittier expressed a rather wholesome and enjoyable attitude toward life when he wrote,

> "We thank Thee for the era done—
> We trust Thee for the opening one."

Yes, we thank God for all that he has so graciously allowed us to do for our fellow men; we thank Him for all His love and mercy during all our years; we thank Him for having so patiently and tenderly led us along the green pastures and beside the still waters of life;

we thank him for having used us to serve Him and His Cause. His loving kindness—Oh how great it has been to us all these years, when father and mother forsook us, leaving us as they went onward in their pilgrimage to their Heavenly home. Then, oh yes, then the Lord tenderly took us up, so that we exclaim: "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name, be the praise."

And so many of us to-day, who have grown older and are catching faint glimpses of the Beulah Land, are thankful to God and gratefully acknowledge that, "Thus far the Lord hath led us on." We not only, with Whittier, thank him for "the era done," but we also trust Him for "the opening one."

"So long His power hath blessed us, sure it still will lead us on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till the night is gone.
And with the morn, those angel faces smile,
Which we have loved long since and lost awhile."

Yes, he still will lead us on, for He has promised never to leave or forsake us. We may at times question the love of others, but never do we question the love of God, for He has said, "I have loved you with an everlasting love," and although at times we may feel a bit lonely, nevertheless we are never alone, for our Blessed God says to us, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end"—Yes, unto the end of the journey.

There is a charming old Celtic legend which tells of the Angel of Mercy having been sent to a certain pilgrim, informing him that he must start for the Celestial City. Together they went on the way until suddenly the aged pilgrim, after they had passed beyond the boundary of

this world, being anxious about his past failures, turned to his Angel guide and said, "Angel of Mercy, where did you bury my sins?" Mercy replied, "I only remember that I buried them, but I cannot tell where. As for the Father, he has forgotten that you ever sinned." And, as they reached the Heavenly City, the door swung open and a sweet voice from within called, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter thou into the joys of thy Lord!"

△ △ △

Religion never puts a mortgage upon a man's business, nor troubles his conscience when he lies down to sleep.

FIVE MINUTES BEFORE DEATH

I asked two business men each the same question:

"If you were assured that you had but five minutes more in which to live, what would you want attended to above all else?"

One answered at once, saying, "I would want to be assured of my peace with my God."

The other hesitated, reflected, and said, "I would want to have all ready for God and for my fellowman."

Inasmuch as "it is appointed unto man to die," everyone should therefore be ready, because "in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." It is not in the providence of man to tell just when and where and how Christ will come.

Not a few have been presumptuous enough even to appoint the time, but naturally they have been proven to

be mistaken in their calculations. From the books of Daniel and Revelation some have made prophesies and have attempted to piece together the mysteries of God's workings and deliver lectures explaining all to their own satisfaction. In their conceit they have forgotten what is plainly written concerning the coming of Christ,—"Of that day and hour knoweth no man." We are not at all surprised, therefore, to read of the failure of the realization of prophesies past and present by those who assumed to know more than the Son of God Himself. The failure of one such prophesy is generally followed by an admission of an error in figures and a fresh promise of things to come at a future date.

However, just because no one knows of "that day and hour" it is all the more necessary that we should all be ready—ready not for fifty or even for five years hence, but we should be ready now—to-night, now, for every moment that passes Christ is coming for some one, and we know not who will be the next to be summoned to the bar of God for judgement.

"In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye," the last trumpet may sound for you or for me.

"Behold, I come quickly!" is Christ's declaration. Hence, be ready; watch and pray, for we may not be given even five minutes' time in which to get ready. "Prepare to meet thy God," is accordingly the first great preparation needed in every life.

Some people spend their whole lives preparing to acquire and hold property, stocks, bonds, ground rents and material possessions, forgetting that the things of

this world are as chaff to the things that enter into the life beyond. Alas for many such,—they build their barns and fill them with perishable goods, when suddenly, lo, the voice of God speaks to them, saying, "Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee."

It is indeed pitiful to see how many there are who show no love for God and have neither time nor money for His cause, who live for themselves and yet hope some day to hear the plaudit, "Well done thou good and faithful servant!" Yes, many there are who hope to spend their earthly inheritance and still retain the wealth of the Heavenly Father.

Happily, however, there are many, both in and out of the church, who, blessed with this world's goods, are ever ready to give of their money for worthy objects and needs. Many a beautiful soul is hidden behind a rough exterior.

"Prepare to meet thy God," I repeat, is the first great requirement in preparation. The second requirement is to have the "house set in order."

Hezekiah of old was ill and the voice of the prophet came to him, "Set thine house in order for thou shalt surely die." Not only should we see that the Kingdom of God is first sought, but material things should be arranged.

Many otherwise intelligent men and women will go on in life neglecting the important matter of setting in order their households in temporal affairs. In other words, while enjoying health of body and soundness of mind, they should make their wills. Those possessed of great

wealth should be their own executors during life and thus avoid the judical plundering of dead men's estates. Not only so, but they would thereby accept the natural responsibilities that attach themselves to the possession of wealth.

The rich are simply divinely appointed agents of society for management of large fortunes and the disbursement of their earnings. Stewardship obligates men and women not only to use well the goods entrusted them while in their possession, but also to dispense wisely the same.

They who hoard their money bury it in a napkin.

But there are also moneys and properties and estates that are to be governed by wills, and these wills should be made at such times as will successfully run the gauntlet of the courts and trustees. It is pitiful to see how often the wishes of men and women have been frustrated because they did not make their wills or have waited until too late when, because of undue influence or weakness of mind, or other causes, those who should have received the inheritance or those whom the deceased wished to have the moneys or property or estate have not received them.

Blessed are they who attend to the preparation, not only of their spiritual but also of their temporal affairs, so that, when they come near the border line of this life and before crossing over into the next, are ready—ready not only to meet their God, but also ready because of having in due time arranged all their material affairs and interests so as to leave the same righteously and wisely dispensed, both toward God and their dependents.

Five minutes before death, such men and women are happy and can triumphantly look for the coming of the Lord and say, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly!"

HEAVEN, OUR HOME

God has prepared a home for His children. Home, dear old home! How memory carries us back to the sacred place of our childhood days, back to "Sweet Home!" After all life's changes and honors, there is no other human thought so sweet and comforting as that of the old home and its endearing associations. At the very thought of that place, the heart grows tender, the mind opens and the whole soul warms and expands. Who can be bad when thinking of home! Many never knew its real meaning until they had gone from its sacred precincts and learned to know the harshness and cruelty and sham of the cold, heartless world.

But life is short and there are not many years to wait for our Eternal Home, where the soul will be its real self and where our whole nature will be its truest and best. This earth is amply large to begin life, but it is far too small to bound it. Love is too great and divine a thing to be fully developed and realized in this life. Heaven is the place where love will be unfolded in all its glory and beauty through ages and ages, for ever and ever.

Where a man's treasures are, there is his heart; where his heart is, there are his thoughts; and where high thoughts are, there is real home. Many are living in a

strange land or city, but their thoughts turn with longing to a beloved circle—their home. It is thus with the true follower of God. His body is housed in the lodgings of city or country, but his thoughts are on Heaven. This gives us, therefore, a significant interpretation of what the apostle meant when he said, "Our citizenship is in Heaven." His thoughts were anchored there, for it was the birthplace of his highest, his noblest and his deepest ambition.

We are but pilgrims and strangers on this earthly sphere. "We have no abiding city here. Heaven is our home."

Those dear unto God's angel of death who have been taken from among us are missed. Their seats are vacant. The once-familiar face and the warm clasp of the hand of many are not forgotten. We know that they are now serving God in Heaven. They were saints of God on earth, and having walked with Him here they still walk with Him in Heaven. We weep for ourselves, but as we think of them in blessed fellowship with the saints on high, a smile blends with our tears. The risen Lord is our hope, for because He lives we too shall live with Him in glory above, where He has gone to prepare a place for all those who love and serve Him.

I am thinking of the old mountaineer who, for the first time, visited a shipyard and saw a ship in process of building. He looked at it curiously, then wonderingly said to his companion: "What a funny-looking house that is. It has the roof on the bottom." His friend then explained to him the purpose of the ship, told him of its

future, how it would sail the seas and carry cargoes to different ports of the world. The mountaineer then replied, "I knew it. It was never built to stay here."

This is at least suggestive of the soul. It was not made to stay here. There comes a day when we must put out to sea, a time when we must bid farewell to loved ones. But it is not death to say "Good-night." It will be "Good-morning" in another land that is fairer than day.

After the ship leaves the port for other shores it finally enters the blue-line where sky and sea kiss. Then it passes beyond the blue-line and is no longer seen by those who stand watching at the shore.

But the ship has not gone down into the deep sea; it has only passed out of sight to those watching on the shore, for beyond that blue-line is a greater horizon which is endless.

And so it is with those whom we bid farewell when they fall on sleep. We say they are dead. But they are not. Only a moment, and the soul has slipped out of the bodily garment, that it may don priestly robes to dwell with God on the throne.

Death for the righteous is but a moving day to a larger, happier, better and eternal home.

Bent with the weight of fourscore years, John Quincy Adams was walking along a street in Boston when he met an old friend, who shook his hand and said: "Good-morning; how is John Quincy Adams?"

"Thank you, John Quincy Adams is well, sir, quite well. But the house in which he lives at present is be-

coming dilapidated. The roof is pretty well worn out, the walls begin to tremble, and I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out of it soon; but he himself is quite well, sir."

Blessed are they who, ready to meet their Lord, can at last say: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

Like St. Paul, such persons will then realize the assurance of the blessed truth that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord; where there will be no sorrow, no tears, no sickness, no pain, no night, no sin, no death.

Some time ago I stood at my mother's grave. Try as I would to be happy and brave, my thoughts were devoid of joy. Unwanted tears rolled down my cheeks and I yearned for a mother's love.

Then all was silent, save a bird that chirped as it sat on a box tree nearby. It twittered and twittered so blithesomely, so gleefully, that I brushed away the tears. I was not sad—just a bit lonely, lonely for mother, for mother's love.

Raising my head as if to seek her vision, a message came to me as from above, for there upon the tombstone stood out the words: "She is not dead." No, not dead! Ah, perish all doubt. Thank God, mother is not dead. She lives with Jesus, awaiting me there. In that land so fair, "she is not dead," but only waiting to welcome me Home.

ROSES WILL BLOOM AGAIN

1

Time brings its varied hap'nings
And each must have a share,
Whether of joy or sadness
For all we must prepare.
No one's exempt from trouble
Some days we need for rain,
But though we have our sorrows,
"Roses will bloom again."

2

Grain crushed by heavy rainfalls
Will oft again arise,
So help and do not hinder
Others to win the prize.
Though crushed by some misfortune
Where sin has left a stain,
Yet by a loving Father
"Roses will bloom again."

3

Business may not be prosp'rous
Things may be at a toss,
But do not be discouraged
Nor talk about your loss.
Spruce up, take hold, and hold on
Until success is plain,
For when you least expect them
"Roses will bloom again."

4

Someone may rouse your anger
But you will happier live,
If you can curb your temper
And then in love forgive.
Be patient in your actions
And though you suffer pain,
After you've endured hardness
"Roses will bloom again."

5

Bright homes are often saddened
Because death leaves its touch.
Until in bitter anguish
Some cry, "This grief's too much."
But from the Heav'nly mansions
There comes a sweet refrain,
That in the Heav'nly garden
"Roses will bloom again."

6

Has there been cold indif'rence?
A kiss heals many a wound.
Make your home sweet with kisses
And send good cheer around.
Life is too short to quarrel
Then always love sustain,
And though someone may cross you
"Roses will bloom again."

7

The root of loving friendship
Grows not in selfishness,
Then water well with graces
The plant which love would bless.
Though earth's extent may part you,
With sighs of sad refrain,
Yet in God's Holy City
"Roses will bloom again."

8

If you would do all things well
And overcome at last,
If through Christ be a victor
As cares on Him you cast.
Have faith in God your Father
For so is vict'ry plain,
And when all cares are ended
"Roses will bloom again."

9

Thus face to face with trials
Be brave and do your best,
We are to plant and water,
Our God will do the rest.
Cheer up, dear one, be hopeful,
Life will not be in vain,
After the storms of winter
"Roses will bloom again."

SWEET SLEEP TO THE INNUMERABLE CARAVAN!

Alone I sit to-night in silent reverie, dreaming fantastic dreams of the yesteryears. Out of the shadowy distance there comes a tender glow—a glow revealing the sweet friendships, the heartaches, the rebuffs, the trials, that have been mine. A strange sense of tranquillity enwraps me. In my heart there is naught but love for those who call me friend and counselor; for those who are prone to look askance at all that labor in the spiritual vineyard. Time, the great leveler, has broadened and chastened my mental perspective. Life's dints and furrows have assailed me not in vain.

I dream also of that phalanx of human souls which has gone to join the innumerable caravan. Many there are who in the flesh were as dear to me as life itself; who in my dark days made my weary footsteps tread the primrose path of happiness. And—soft you!—I see that reincarnated span which rewarded my lowly ministrations, my material aid, with the gratitude of shadows of the shade and minions of the moon. Yes, I see them, not through a glass darkly, but as mystic beings clothed in robes of purity.

Now my reverie is interrupted—oh, so gently!—by angel voices. Velvety arms encircle my neck, damask cheeks are against mine. The voice of childhood speaks; sparkling, innocent eyes are fixed upon me. I float in an ivory shallop adown the golden stream of Dreamland.

Ah, how sweet is the world about me! How peaceful my soul!

* * * * * * * *

Again at the fall of eventide I sit alone. A mellow haze is in the air. It is the insidious season when one feels that the world is one's home; all mankind one's brother. I am inexpressibly happy. As I gaze from my window a pale light suddenly filters through a filmy curtain across the way. It seems to be appealing to me. Fainter, fainter it grows. My eyes are transfixed. One—two—three—a spasmodic flicker! All is darkness. I close my eyes to keep back the tears. I know that a saintly soul has been translated. I know that my little blue-eyed orphan friend I shall never see more this side the Great Divide.

* * * * * * * *

Now calls frosty Father Time. The tender leaves of yesterday have withered and drooped. Some day I too must put out on that last great voyage of the quick and the dead. So, when that final summons shall come—that world-call which, soon or late, we all shall hear, —my earnest prayer is that my earthly life shall reflect the golden glow of a spiritual soul that seeks rest in Heaven!

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